JOHN BULL

Vol. I. No. 3. SATURDAY, JUNE 23rd, 1906. ONE PENNY.

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

Contents

The World, The Flesh and The Devil.

John Bull in Parliament—The Chinese Proclamation.

John Bull in the City.

John Bull in the Courts.

Prisoners at the Bar—Earl of Rosebery. By Herbert Vivian.

Bull's-Eyes.

The Foul French. By Jim Crow.

Shams—The Keeley Institute.

The Unseen World.

Barni—A Tale of Dead Men.

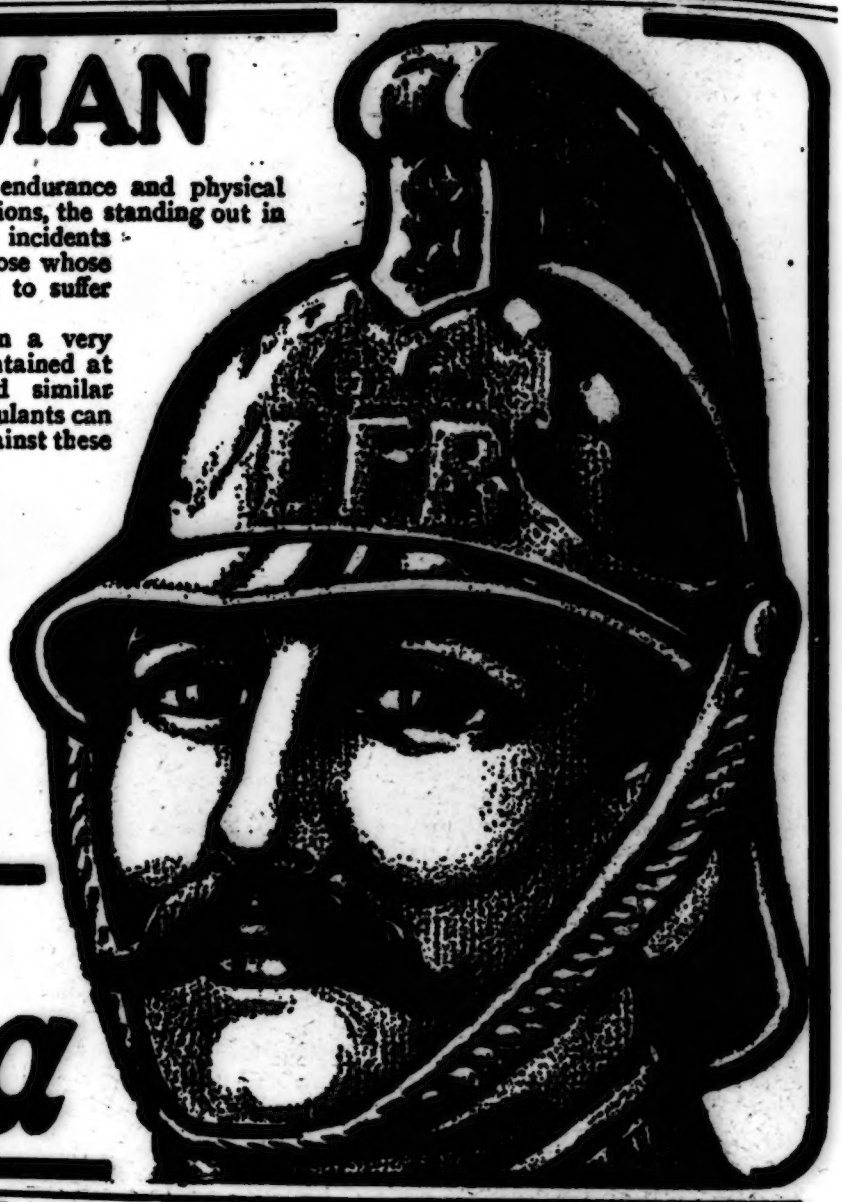
Cartoon—John Bull in the Workhouse.

Amongst the Books and Theatres.

Racing Notes and Ideas.

Etc., Etc.

THIS FIREMAN



is one of the class of men whose active duties call for great endurance and physical strength. The long periods of duties and exposed positions, the standing out in sodden clothing, and often in damp clothes, are among the incidents that test the staying power and vitality of men, and those whose systems are not fortified by proper nourishment are bound to suffer terribly, and perhaps permanently, in the ordeal.

In the sudden changes the lot of the Fireman is often a very trying one, and unless the natural heat of the body is maintained at an equable temperature, Rheumatism, Pneumonia, and similar troubles are sure to arise. Neither drugs nor alcoholic stimulants can offer more than a momentary and illusory protection against these evils, but Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa affords a ready and efficient safeguard. It affords not merely a pleasant stimulant, but also incomparable sustenance, and it maintains the natural heat of the body by offering a thoroughly wholesome food in a digestible and nutritious form.

Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa can be obtained from all Grocers and Stores, or from 60, Bunhill Row, London, E.C.

Dainty Sample free. A postcard will do.

DR TIBBLES' Vi-Cocoa

ANTIQUES, BRONZES, Etc.

CHARLES JONES,

4, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

A large assortment of Antique Furniture, Bronzes, China, and objets d'art always on view.

TELEPHONE: **1895** *GERRARD.*

The place for a QUIET LUNCH, a COMFORTABLE DINNER, and a COSY SUPPER.

THE WEST END HOTEL,

Arundel Street, Coventry Street,
PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.

In close proximity to all the leading places of Entertainment.

EXCELLENT CATERING AT STRICTLY MODERATE TARIFF:
TABLE D'HOTE or A LA CARTE.

The Choicest Wines and Liqueurs and Finest Brands of Cigars a Specialite.

Telephone:
5212 Central.

Proprietor:
E. PORTA.

BROAD VIEWS.

Edited by A. P. SINNETT.

The only first-class monthly Review discussing public affairs in the light of the Higher Occultism.

The JULY NUMBER will contain the opening chapters of

A NEW NOVEL

BY

W. H. MALLOCK

ENTITLED

An Immortal Soul.

This work deals with the social and religious aspects of certain peculiar psychical conditions that have excited deep interest and attention in recent years. The scene is laid in a well-known English watering-place. The characters are taken from the upper ranks of society, and the lighter sides of life are represented as well as the more profound.

BROAD VIEWS.

Price 1s., or 12s. per Annum post free.

Published by GAY & BIRD, 22, Bedford St., Strand, W.C.

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant;
Without Fear or Favour—Rancour or Rant.

No. 3. Saturday, June 23rd, 1906. One Penny.

NOTICES, &c.

The Offices of JOHN BULL *are at 186, Fleet Street, London, E.C., where all communications should be addressed.*

All matter appearing in JOHN BULL, *unless otherwise signed, is editorial.*

ADVERTISEMENT RATES.

ORDINARY POSITIONS, WHOLE PAGE	£20
FACING MATTER, WHOLE PAGE	£25
INSIDE PAGES OF COVER	£30
BACK OF COVER	£40

SMALLER SPACES IN PROPORTION.

PROSPECTUSES & FINANCIAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

ORDINARY POSITION, WHOLE PAGE	£30
FACING MATTER, WHOLE PAGE	£40
FACING CITY ARTICLE, WHOLE PAGE	£50

SINGLE COLUMN, 2s. PER LINE, ORDINARY POSITION

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

PER ANNUM, POST FREE.

UNITED KINGDOM	6s. 6d.
FOREIGN COUNTRIES WITHIN THE POSTAL UNION	8s. 0d.

SHORTER OR LONGER PERIODS IN PROPORTION.

All inquiries to be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, JOHN BULL, 186, *Fleet Street, London, E.C.*

THEATRES, ENTERTAINMENTS, ETC.

DALY'S THEATRE.—Revival by Mr. George Edwardes.—Every Evening, and MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY. THE GEISHA.

GAIETY THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. George Edwardes.—Every Evening at 8 (doors open 7.40), the Successful Musical Play, THE NEW SPRING CHICKEN. Box-office open daily from 10 till 10.

LONDON HIPPODROME.—TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 8 p.m., AN ENTERTAINMENT OF UNEXAMPLED BRILLIANCE.

ALHAMBRA.—"L'AMOUR," NEW BALLET.—SIG. MARIA BORDIN, Premiere Danseuse; LE ROY, TALMA and BOSCO, URBANORA, etc. Doors 7.45. Manager, George Scott.

London, Edinburgh & Glasgow
ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.

Quinquennium (1905) Results.

Premium Income 1900		£395,875
" " 1905		£516,800
	Increase	£120,925
Assurance Funds 1900		£322,908
" " 1905		£742,942
	Increase	£420,034

SURPLUS ON VALUATION, £39,000.

Additional Representatives Wanted.

Special Terms and Certain Promotion for Capable Men.

Apply, THOR. NEILL, *General Manager.*

Chief Office: 23 and 27, Farringdon Street London, E.C.

WHY PAY RENT?

The BRITISH HOMES SCHEME enables Policy-holders to reap the benefit of their investment

DURING THEIR OWN LIFETIME

and in the event of premature death to leave their legal representatives in possession of a comfortable home free from any mortgage charge or encumbrance. Particulars post free.

GOOD PROSPECTS FOR ACTIVE AGENTS.

BRITISH HOMES ASSURANCE CORPORATION, Ltd.

6, Paul-st., Finsbury, E.C. M. GREGORY, Managing Director.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

There has been a good deal of talk in the House lately about the condition of the drains in some of the voluntary schools. This may account for the strong sectarian stink we have recently noticed about the place—whenever the Education Bill has been under discussion.

What does the Nonconformist Conscience say to this? During the past week five Liberal Members of Parliament have won races—amongst them being the representative of a puritanical Cornwall constituency! And yet Sir Henry had never heard of that "National Festival." He will be saying next that he has never read JOHN BULL.

On the wall of a country school down in the Midlands I came across an old sampler the other day, worked sixty years ago, by a former matron of the establishment. And this is what was on it:—

LOST,
Between Sunrise and Sunset,
TWO GOLDEN HOURS,
Each set with sixty diamond seconds.
NO REWARD IS OFFERED,
as they are
LOST FOR EVER.

I observe that an applicant for exemption under the Vaccination Act has been subjected by Mr. Fordham, at the North London Police-court, to quite a new form of catechism. Having stated, in accordance with the Act, that he had a "conscientious objection" to having his child inoculated, he was asked, "What works your conscience?" "I don't know," was the correct and only possible and obvious reply—*and the application was refused!* We should like to know by what authority Mr. Fordham claims the right to put these people through an examination in metaphysics. What works *his* conscience?

Now, is not it time that this kind of thing should cease? Vaccination should be either compulsory or optional. Having regard to the history of the subject, and of medical research and coercion generally, no one would now dare to suggest a return to the former policy. If, then, vaccination is to be optional, why should an objecting parent be subjected to the trouble and indignity of a *police-court* application? Why not simply register the objection when registering the birth of the child? An Act of one clause would do this, and would pass almost *nem con.* Now then, Mr. Lupton.

Not yet does John Bull pay his Members of Parliament for work done; nor even for talking about it. It is different elsewhere. One hundred and seventy members of the new Hungarian Parliament have had their salaries attached by their creditors. This proves what a blessed thing payment of members can be made. If they had not been paid salaries their creditors would not have got their money. But at the same time I

suggest that financial reformers should take a hint from these Hungary members, and when the Bill for the payment of our members is presented, we intend to move a clause prohibiting attachment by creditors. A salary of three hundred a year doesn't do you a bit of good if your creditors get it. It is like buying a new set of teeth and getting no nuts.

Nemesis! Nemesis! When, early in the session, we introduced a Bill to prohibit street betting, and to place bookmakers under public control, the burly Shackleton, of Clitheroe, was down on us like a ton of bricks—what did *we* know about the working-man and his needs? Who gave *us* the right to plead his cause? Hadn't we noticed the board over the Labour benches—"Trespassers will be prosecuted"? Well, we replied with a petition, signed by several thousands of Clitheroe inhabitants—clergymen, ministers, Catholic priests, police officials, and others—in favour of our little Bill. And there the matter rested.

But since the establishment of JOHN BULL, the Fates have been more courteous towards us. And the other evening they put things right for us. We had the fiendish satisfaction of seeing the Chosen of Clitheroe called upon to explain why, having given his "voice" for the Noes, he had voted with the Ayes; and then of hearing the Speaker direct his vote to be transferred to the Noes—thus constituting him for all time one of the historic trinity in favour of *raising revenue* by taxing foreign goods—*and keeping them out of the country!*

We are bound, however, to admit that in his speech for the defence, our honourable friend fully vindicated his conduct—scoring heavily against his prosecutor, Mr. Watson Rutherford, who severely transgressed the traditions in naming a brother member under such circumstances. After all, if we can't have a joke now and then, what is the use of going to the House at all? We are not allowed to do any work.

Apropos this incident, we recall an almost similar one in the last Parliament—when the select of the City, Sir Frederick Banbury, and Mr. Massey Mainwaring, constituted the 2 Noes against 254 for the Ayes. But this was beaten thirty years ago, when, on a division about the Tichborne case, the result was announced thus: "The Aye to the right is 1; the Noes to the left are 433." The "Aye" was Major O'Gorman, who subsequently explained that he preferred the cool and comfort of the Aye lobby to the heat and crowding of the other one. Thus are our laws made!

Speaking of Sir Frederick Banbury, we observe that, in addressing his Selection Committee the other evening he remarked that "his reputation, such as it was, had been gained because, during the last three years, when the Conservative party were in a very difficult position, he was in his place in the House every evening at nine o'clock, and was prepared to get up at any moment and talk on any subject for any time." And then came the irony of it: "He supported Mr. Chamberlain's policy without any reservation." We congratulate the capital of the Empire (Big E, printer, please) on its new representative, and the Leader of the Imperialist party (Big I, please) on his distinguished colleague. Poor old Sir Edward—and "Poor Old Joe"!

It is said that every human being has three distinct values—his *real* value, the value he sets upon himself, and the value at which others appraise him. It is generally thought that if a person be bought at the value placed upon him by others, and sold at that which he places upon himself, the margin should be sufficient to pay off all the National Debt.

The most modest estimate of the worth of his good name is that of Mr. A. M. Mandeville, of the London and Paris Exchange. According to the evidence given by that gentleman in a recent case, certain persons who are the accused could not manage to get him to go beyond £2,050. The question of Mr. Mandeville's real value being now *sub judice*, we must, of course, refrain from speculation; but, meantime, we observe that the price of *London Opinion* has been reduced to a halfpenny. That, at any rate, is a step in the right direction.

A Study in Contrasts.

Night by night in cruel December,
While the wintry winds blow chill,
Sad and weary I remember,
Little mouths at home to fill;
When I crave a word of pity
Wistful little faces plead,
While I tramp the cruel city
For the bread the children need.

(Sung by Miss Ellaline Terriss as a flower-girl in Seymour Hicks' "Bluebell in Fairyland.")

At the Reigate County Bench Mr. Seymour Hicks, proprietor of the Aldwych Theatre, London, appeared as a prosecutor in a case where John Stanley, William Anderson, and William Stanley, flower sellers, of Croydon, were summoned for doing damage to his game covert at Claldon. The defendants were caught in the act of gathering grasses for the purpose of tying up with flowers. They were each fined 2s. 6d. and costs.

(*Weekly Dispatch*, June 10.)

We overheard the following unsophisticated conversation at a West End restaurant the other day:—

"I once went fox-hunting."

"Did you?!!!"

"Yes, my father, when I was a bit of a boy, gave me a cob and a proper rig-out. It's the only time I did it, but I've driven to several meets."

"I suppose any one who has a horse can go to a meet?"

"No. It's a question if you're a friend of the Squire. If he sends you an invitation, you're expected to be there. Oh! it's fine sport."

The Canadians do not appear to appreciate the delicate attentions of the Home Office in dumping down upon their shores ex-convicts and other "undesirables" from the Mother Country. The man Shuttle, one of the witnesses for the prosecution in the Hugh Watt case, who was recently deported, in an assumed name, to Winnipeg at the expense of the Special Service Fund, has already come into collision with the police, and his identity having been disclosed, our Canadian brethren are justifiably incensed at this remarkable example of Colonial Preference. Personally, we are of opinion that most of the witnesses for the prosecution in this case ought to be "doing time" in place of Mr. Watt.

Speaking of the Watt case, recalls to our mind one or two stories about Mr. Justice Phillimore, who presided over it. It is said that his appointment to the Bench came about in this way:—He had been nominated as Commissioner of Assize to the Northern Circuit; but, in view of the limited and special character of his experience, the Bar and solicitors practising there sent a protest to the Lord Chancellor. This was enough for Lord Halsbury, and so, taking advantage of a sudden vacancy, he at once appointed him a Judge, and despatched him to the Assizes. We believe that no occupant of the Bench has had a larger proportion of his decisions reversed on appeal. And in this connection a story is told to the effect that one day this austere and puritanical Judge arrived home in a state of unwonted hilarity. "My dear," he said, addressing her ladyship, "this is a red-letter day in my life. The Court of Appeal has affirmed one of my judgments—*I'll have some marmalade with my tea.*"

"A Hackney Cockney" writes:—"I have weighed up the very true verse on your cover, and find that the initial letters of the lines spell meat. Now, *meat* is good for John Bull, and (still using the initial letters in various orders) he will *mate* with those that he thinks all right, but let his enemies beware if they think him *tame*, as he can always make up a *team* to have a go *at 'em*." Very clever—and very true!

"The bullfight was held in the Plaza des (sic) Toros," was the portentous announcement in a Harmsworth publication last week. This is very instructive, as otherwise we should naturally have concluded that it took place in a china-shop. It may also be useful to record that, despite every rumour to the contrary, the Derby this year was run at Epsom.

"After all, it will be something to be handed down to posterity as 'the man who fed the poor too well.' I was consoled yesterday by a person who reminded me that even Jesus Christ could not please everybody. I replied, 'No; He fed 5,000 people with five loaves and two fishes, thus saving a lot of money, and yet they crucified Him.'" So spake Will Crooks, M.P., Chairman of the Poplar Board of Guardians. The personal modesty and humility of the analogy is both charming and characteristic. We trust, however, that it may not be carried out to its full extent. Crooks on the Cross—no, we would rather see him hanging on a Poplar tree!

The "Referee" is offering a prize to readers forwarding the best specimen of the Irish Bull. In fairness to outside competitors, it is to be hoped that members of the staff will be ineligible to compete. Otherwise "Carados" would romp in an easy first. In last Sunday's issue he writes: "One of the best-boomed and much-revised specimens (of musical comedy) *gained a loss* of £10,000." "Carados" is, evidently, of Hibernian extraction. His real name is, probably, The O'Caradosigan.

That wasn't a bad bull, by the way, of Mr. Belloc's, last week, in the House. Whether Irish or not, Mr. Belloc is a strong Catholic, and, in expressing his dissent from one of the clauses in the Education Bill, he regretted that "upon this occasion he felt it his bounden duty to go *into the wrong lobby*."

If the London County Council want control over the "royal" parks, they must alter in one important respect their method of dealing with the public pleasure grounds now at their disposal. No visitor, rational or religious, to Victoria Park on a Sunday, for instance, would be likely to recommend any extension of their present powers.

For what will he find? No tennis, no cricket, no ordered games in progress! A splendid gymnasium empty, with its occasional week-day occupants gazing at swings and parallel bars through locked gates! And yet there is plenty of similar kind of fun going on under the auspices of the Council on the other side of the park. For the lake is gay with boats, manœuvred by happy oarsmen and fair coxswains. Why is it right to hire a boat on Sunday for a shilling and wrong to exercise on the trapeze for nothing? Perhaps the prospective L.C.C. expert on municipal theology, under the Education Bill, will oblige with an answer. The only solution which occurs to us is that suggested by the Scotch boatman, who, on being reproached for the exorbitance of his charge for ferrying a party across the river one Sunday afternoon, indignantly replied: "I canna break the blessed Sawbath under five shillings."

When Mr. Chamberlain made his now famous statement that the present Government would last no longer than the spring of next year, he probably remembered that parliaments elected in January have usually had but a short spell of existence,—and the fact may have encouraged him. The Government sent to power in 1510 came to an untimely end within six weeks of its birth, and the next January Parliament, that of 1541, was dissolved in 1544. The Administration of 1545 was chosen in January, and was concluded in November of the same year, while a still unhappier lot befel the Government of 1559, which held office only from January to May. The Commonwealth Parliament, which met for the first time on January 27, 1659, came to grief within three months, and in 1689 the January Parliament was dissolved in the second month of the next year. The Government of January, 1833, was thrown out in December, 1834, and the Victorian Administration of January 12, 1886, came to an end on June 26, 1886, having existed merely for five months and fourteen days.

The evidence before the Royal Commission on Sunday Trading shows that a large number of small retail traders would be utterly ruined by compulsory Sunday closing. But what about their customers? On Sunday morning prices are low. It is a time for clearing superfluous stock at any price. Over-production is the rule in every branch of industry. The rich buyer, who will have exactly what he chooses, pays far more than cost price; the poor hanger-on lives at the expense of his wealthier neighbours, upon commodities prepared for them, and which they do not require. And compulsory Sunday closing would mean a cruel hardship to many a poor family, as well as to many a struggling little tradesman. The Sabbath was made for man.

Almost the only effective opposition to more rational conditions of divorce comes from the Churches. It rests not upon reason, but upon tradition and the alleged will of God. Apart from religious bias, there seems to be a general consensus of opinion in favour of cancelling the marriage contract entirely, when it has been shown right to interfere. Judges and stipendiary magistrates, solicitors, and doctors, policemen and police-court missionaries unite in testifying to the lamentable results of separation without freedom to marry again.

Do not let the advocates of this urgent reform fall into the error which has assisted prejudice and precedent in thwarting the efforts of the Deceased Wife's Sister's Bill. If the Bill became law, a man would have the right to marry his late wife's sister *in church*, did his fancy prefer the elaborate religious to the plain, quiet, civil ceremony. Hence the beating of the ecclesiastical drum, the excuse for priestly interposition!

Better far to take a step forward in the direction of that gradual and tacit disestablishment of the Church which is in unceasing progress; to carry to its logical conclusion the Act of 1857, whereby all civil jurisdiction over marriage was removed from the Ecclesiastical Courts. Leave the Churches free to set up what ethical ideals they please with regard to the conduct of life; but do not let them prevent a man and woman from entering into a civil contract, which in the most essential human relationship enables both parties to retain their self-respect.

It was a Board meeting of a company. We had met to fill up a vacancy caused by the death of a colleague, an eminent banker—the late Mr. Coleridge Kennard. The Lord Mayor of London was in the chair, and, in addition to myself, there were present a well-known M.P., who had held a high Government position in India, an eminent and learned author, the head of one of the leading publishing houses in London, and a certain member of the Bar. Various names were submitted and discussed—all of us taking part in the conversation with the exception of the barrister. So the Lord Mayor appealed to him, saying, "Well, Mr. X., what do you think?" To which question came the startling reply, "Well, my lord, I think we ought to make an effort to get a *really good man* on the Board"!

Fac Simile of the Original Proclamation to the Chinese Coolies in the Transvaal Mines, informing them that they may go Home at Public Cost.
Translations, by eminent authorities, are now being made for JOHN BULL.

大英欽命監督南非洲華工政務司條諭為

出示曉諭事照得華工人等二體知悉凡滇華工由中國起身赴非洲之時原與滇等言明係在金礦做工滇等均有原立之合同情愿照辦雖係如此返來本監督風聞滇工人內有不甚明此地下礦節目者未免心有隱怨又有在中國原非出力做工之人及至到礦進退維谷此情殊堪憐憫滇等須知原立之合同第十四條內載凡工人未到期滿欲將合同註消者聽從其便但須將該工人往返之盤費照還東家便可允准云云滇工人等均可遵照此條呈交盤費退回原處並無勒逼強留等情然或有真欲回國而手無多錢不敷回國盤費者此等工人准其自行

政鴻慈滇等自當知感但稟內須將當初應招之時為何欲來此地而今為何欲回中國各緣由詳細聲明並將在礦做工之月份按月敘清某月做何工賺錢若干現存錢若干以便稽查倘情有可原即行准稟掛號准稟之後仍須在礦認真做工賺錢若干按數合計作為添補盤費之用至於該工人是否認真做工之處本監督必須查驗明確倘不認真做工該稟即當置之不理本監督接到各礦稟詞後即當細閱如有能允准者內中分別某工人勿庸請恤某工人聽候請恤應否加恩定必如言辦理惟新來之工人做工不滿半年者不准遞稟誠以萬事多係先難後易做工未久不知其中原委凡滇工人如真欲回國必須要分做工積存銀錢照第十四條呈交盤費原係爾等本分然或有為勢所迫未想家回國無錢者本監督可以酌情格外體恤設法資助送回中國倘有無恥之徒藉端欺瞞一經查出照法懲辦自示之後滇等須知允准回國者永遠不能再回此地遲有重回之人從嚴治罪為此示仰華工人等一體知悉各宜凜遵勿違切切特示

諭通知

光緒二年四月十二日
西曆一千九百零六年五月五號

THE UNEMPLOYABLE AND THE UNEMPLOYED.

By a City Man.

Much has been said and written about the unemployed labourer, and much sympathy has been extended to the deserving out-of-work, who really wishes to earn a living, and to the loafer who walks the streets looking for a job, and prays heaven that he may not find it. Esteemed contemporaries have inaugurated funds for giving poor children *one* hearty meal, out of a possible 1,095 per annum—for sending them into the country for one day, out of a possible 365—for giving them a pair of boots, and for allowing them to visit a pantomime for once in their lives. All this is very beautiful, and quite in accordance with the fitness of things, which ordains that A should never see B in want without trying to get C to relieve it.

To give a child one good meal in a year and allow it to starve for 364 days is likely to give it acute indigestion; to present a pair of boots to a waif, who has always gone barefooted, will very probably give him corns; to send a child to a pantomime or into the country, when it has never seen either before, is likely to make it discontented with its lot, when it sees other children about to enjoy themselves in similar fashion.

But what is being done for the poor City clerk or unfortunate merchant, who, in the present dearth of business, finds it impossible to make ends meet, much less indulge in his usual holiday or seat in some place of amusement? What is being done for the children of such, who *have*, from the time they were able to walk, been clad in boots, and for whom the father, being out of work, can no longer provide necessary articles of clothing? What is being done for the thousands of children of parents who were, not long ago, well-to-do, to whom a holiday this summer, or even one day in the country, must be denied? We have no Trafalgar Square or Downing Street demonstrations of black-coated City out-of-works.

They walk the streets, earnestly looking for work, but they do not march in battalions, guarded by policemen, and waving banners to the accompaniment of brass bands. *They* mingle with the onlookers, and despairingly shake their heads as the unwashed loafers thrust their rattling money-boxes under the noses of pedestrians. *They* walk miles in search of a job, and when they are unsuccessful go wearily home to rest before commencing another day of strenuous endeavour.

No one thinks of the misery endured by the genteel poor, of the silent heart-breakings at each failure to find work, of the racking head-breakings to procure—without begging—sufficient means to keep body and soul together. For them no charity bazaars, no theatrical benefits, no dinner or fresh air funds. For them no thought of Royal sympathy, no Lord Mayor's appeal, no newspaper subscription lists. The loafer at home, the persecuted foreigner abroad, the theatrical star who has earned tens of thousands a year—and spent it in extravagant living—the illustrious Princess who weds a millionaire king, the lazy inmate of the workhouse—everybody hastens to make life more easy for them. The man who suggested to us the theme upon which we have enlarged was as sane as any of the readers who are perusing these lines; yet he assured the writer that he seriously contemplated taking his own life, in despair of getting some work to do. Yet, if he did take his life, some muddle-headed coroner would advise the addle-pated jury to stigmatise him as a madman! If, in his desperation, he commits suicide, he is "temporarily deranged"; if he attempts to do so, but does not succeed, he is found to be sane, and sent to prison for his audacity in seeking to put an end to an existence which has become intolerable. But the unemployed, and, incidentally, the unemployable-loafer, is not mad, for he knows where bread and butter is waiting for him, if he only shouts loud and long enough. And he *does* shout!

FROM PARIS.

By an English Resident.

One of the most comfortable cities in the world for a broad-minded man of the world to live in is Paris, where he would be as happy as possible on this old globe of ours, if only friends from England would not come to stop with him.

The English Visitor.

And they know when to run over, or pop over, to dig their week-end claws into you, choosing the Grand Prix epoch to arrive and cheer you up, inwardly despising you all the time for dwelling among these pagan puppets. At least, so your visitor lets you think. Perhaps he secretly envies you your freedom, your cosmopolitan circle of pleasure-loving pals, and your careless crowd of top-lever lady acquaintances. But from the time he bangs his suit-case into your lift, until the hour of relief when you see him off at the Gare du Nord, he never forgets to let you know that you are a startling specimen of an exile, a misguided, straying sheep, with a twist in your brain as big as a hunting scarf—or else how could you live away from Bond Street, your own club, the Thames, Ascot, Goodwood, real golf, genuine bridge, and what not? This is the kind of censor I have had gnawing my vitals for the last eight days, until the sight of his one-button morning coat and neutral-tinted fancy vest has eaten into my very soul. Yet, how I slaved for his enjoyment! I took him to all the best five o'clock tea resorts, where he found fault with the brew, the attendance, and the music, although surrounded by beautiful charmers from the smartest society of Europe. From these afternoon aviaries, crammed with chattering birds of lovely plumage, I led him to be dined and wined where the last few chefs know how to cook, and in the cool night, digesting in discreet darkness, we motored to gardens where sirens sing among the trees of which the leaves seem bright emeralds under the glare of profuse electricity. Then he saw the naughty nautch-girls in their brilliant Champs Elysées grove, and he dozed in a big cane chair, smoked my best old, cabinet-case, cigars, and let them go out, the while he dreamt—probably—that he was Sisowath, King of Cambodia, passing his private ballet in review. My supercilious stranger did laugh heartily once, though, when a queen of the half-world told him in broken English that monarchs ought not to be allowed to travel with their harems. It was not fair. I really think he understood. He criticised the Fête des Fleurs most severely. "Positively silly, you know, to see lines of funny people seated on penny chairs throwing bouquets at perishers and over-dressed damsels in flower-adorned carriages and motor-cars."

At Auteuil.

"Auteuil was lovely, in spite of its queer character. Steeplechasing in a garden—trappy course—pari-mutuel a swindle—never a chance of getting seventy to forty once in a way about an odds-on chance—Johnnies in the know obliged to take same price as any other ignorant bounder—all ready-money besides—wonderful frocks! Who pays for these dresses? How's it done? No wonder they can't balance their budget over here! Is this the 'day of the drags' you told me about? Only six mail-coaches left in France? Next year, it'll be changed into a motor-car meeting, you'll see!"

Grand Prize Day.

The Grand Prize day will be remembered by me for two reasons: one, because I succeeded in losing my carping guest in the bustle of the paddock, and, secondly, because I never saw such tons of English gold imported, and actually going begging for want of bookies to take it. In the morning, in the town, money-changers had to refuse doing business, being cleared out of all their available capital. There was a much larger attendance than last year, thanks to the attraction of the English horse, but the elegance of Auteuil was lacking. I begin to think that this day is the real "national festival," and not the played-out Fourteenth of July.

JOHN BULL IN THE CITY.

THE RIDGEWAY SCANDAL.

In our last issue we directed attention to the Ceylon Company of Pearl Fisheries, Limited, and to the part played by Sir J. West Ridgeway in promoting it. On Thursday attention was directed to the matter in the House of Commons by Sir J. Jardine, the member for Roxburghshire, who is, by the way, mistaken in implying that the Legislative Council of Ceylon did not discuss the terms of the lease. There were, in fact, long debates upon it, and the unofficial members condemned it in unqualified language. In replying to the questions put to him, Mr. Churchill made it pretty plain that in his opinion Mr. Lyttelton acted improperly in the matter, and that the whole thing was an indefensible job. Mr. Churchill's exact words are: "I think there are grave objections to the procedure which was followed, and that the results have not been at all satisfactory." And he had prefaced this remark by another to the effect that the more he looked into the transactions the less he liked them.

It need hardly be said that this is a very grave and unusual statement for an Under Secretary of State to make with regard to the action of the late Head of his Department, but the facts fully warrant it, and some of the most sinister do not appear in the questions and answers in the House of Commons. The original offer of the syndicate for the lease was £10,000 per annum, and this offer would have been accepted by the Ceylon Government if Mr. Lyttelton had not properly insisted upon a larger sum being paid, and actually got it doubled. He ought to have insisted upon tenders being asked for, instead of assenting to private negotiations between Sir West Ridgeway, as representing the syndicate, and the Government of Ceylon. That Sir West Ridgway should be the medium for carrying through the negotiations was in itself highly objectionable. This gentleman had only just retired from the Governorship of Ceylon, and it was not for him to press his successor to recommend a concession which meant a very large sum of money to the lucky people who got it. And it must be observed that whilst the present Governor, Sir Henry Blake, maintained a judicial attitude in discussing the matter in Council, the Lieutenant-Governor was a strong, and even vehement, supporter of the scheme, and would have let the Syndicate have the concession for its original offer of £10,000. This gentleman, as Somerset House shows, is now a considerable shareholder in the Company. It is impossible to acquit Lord Elgin of some responsibility in this unpleasant business. The feeling in Ceylon against the concession was so strong that after it had been voted by the Legislative Council a public meeting was convened, and very largely attended, in which representative Colonists condemned the concession as a job, and forwarded a resolution of protest to Lord Elgin, asking him not to approve of it. Unfortunately, in this, as in some other matters, Lord Elgin has shown that he relies overmuch upon the representatives of the permanent officials of his department, and so we find him replying in a dispatch, under date the 16th February of the present year, as follows:—

> I have carefully considered the terms of the lease and the circumstances connected with the negotiations which led to it, and I have come to the conclusion that there is no valid reason why I should intervene to prevent the Legislative Council deciding upon the proposals which have, with the approval of my predecessor, been placed before them for their acceptance or rejection.

Compare this with the language used by Mr. Winston Churchill in the House of Commons on Thursday night; compare it with the circumstances, and we venture to say that Lord Elgin's decision in this matter was regrettable.

Last week we gave a list of the chief shareholders in the Ceylon Company of Pearl Fisheries, Limited, and in the list will be found Sir West Ridgeway's name for 1,000 Ordinary and 1,600 Deferred shares. Lord Justice Fletcher Moulton is interested to a like extent. Both these gentlemen were members of the vendor syndicate, the Gulf Syndicate, which had a called-up capital of £1,687 10s., spent £200 in getting the concession, £106 in registration, and £110 in preliminary expenses, selling its rights to the present company for £11,000. It is right to point out that at the time when Sir John Moulton became a member of the syndicate he was not a judge, and as a member of the Bar it was, of course, open to him to join that or any other venture. But Sir West Ridgeway was in a very different position, having recently resigned the Governorship of Ceylon, and being on the look out for further employment under the Crown.

Not content with the part he was playing in this Ceylon Fishery business, Sir West Ridgeway lent his name to rubber flotations of a most speculative character, and sanctioned statements in the prospectus of one of the companies, of which he is chairman, which were misleading in a high degree. And yet this is the man whom the Government thought a proper person to make the head of a Royal Commission sent to the Transvaal to study a grave Constitutional question, and to make proposals for a new Constitution! Having regard to Sir West Ridgeway's recent doings in the company world, and to the position in Johannesburg, it would be difficult to name any public servant less suitable for the particular duties entrusted to him in connection with this Commission.

The Honduras Railway.

With reference to our remarks on this subject in our issue of June 9th, Mr. C. T. Hunter, who has postponed his return to Belize, writes thanking us for our comments, and endorsing them. He tells us he has received a letter from Lord Elgin giving evidence of a desire to give full consideration to the representations and wishes of the Colonists, but with no intimation of a reversal of the procedure of which the Colonists complain, and to which we directed attention. We can only hope that the additional evidence Mr. Hunter may be in a position to put before Lord Elgin as to the feeling in the Colony, and the firm ground upon which the opposition to the Colonial Office's action rests, may induce the Secretary of State to bring himself more in line with the wishes of the Colonists. No one can doubt that personally Lord Elgin desires to do what is right, but he is too easily persuaded by those about him.

An Angry Promoter.

In our issue of June 9 we made some comments upon the **Jugra Land and Rubber Estates** promotion which do not seem to have pleased Mr. A. V. Carey, the promoter, who has written us a long, and we are afraid we must call it rather abusive, letter. We give ourselves the pleasure of a single quotation: —

> ". . . I must confess to inability to share your optimistic belief that your journal is wanted, but if either you or it be in existence five years hence, I pledge myself to present to any charity you may name a sum of £50 if the Jugra Land and Rubber Estates shares are not a premium of 100 per cent. at least."

Meantime it would have been more to the purpose if Mr. A. V. Carey had attempted to show that the property for which he is asking the public to pay £56,000 is worth the money, or as many shillings.

Coming Promotions.

Two more rubber companies are about to be put upon the market, and it is known that one of them has a considerable number of rubber-bearing trees upon the property it has taken over. Let us hope that the capital of the company will be in better proportion to the value of the assets offered than has been the case of late.

Another coming promotion is that of the **Ekenberg Milk Products Company**, which is about to ask the public for £200,000 in order to buy and work a Swedish patent for making milk powder. It is said that the process extracts the water from the milk, leaving it in the form of a dry

powder until it is required for use in the ordinary way, and that this process, which costs only ½d. per gallon, retains the full flavour and the nutritive qualities of the milk. Of course if it does, and if milk-sellers and milk buyers can be persuaded that it does, the Company has a golden future before it, but we have seen dozens of these milk processes; all of them make, or did make, a similar claim; none of them stood the test of trial on a commercial basis; and we shall be pleasantly surprised if Dr. Martin Ekenberg's process is more fortunate.

In our issue of June 9 we referred to the **Great Cobra**, Limited, promotion, advising the public to leave it to the underwriters. They very prudently decided to do so, these gentlemen being relieved of only a trifling proportion of the capital offered. They had a magnificent property to play with, but it is possible to open one's mouth too wide.

Having gone to a Bankruptcy and County Council expert to put things straight, without much success, the shareholders of Allsopp's are now turning to a stationer, Mr. W. Gardner Sinclair having been appointed joint managing director along with the present Chairman and Managing Director, Mr. C. J. Stewart. If the combination fails it may, perhaps, occur to some of the proprietors to try a Brewer.

If holders of Steel Common are wise they will sell upon favourable opportunity. This stock never represented intrinsic value, and the Trust's competitors, with their more manageable capital, grow more formidable daily.

For once there is an agreeable Jungle report. The return of the Akrokerri (Ashanti) Mines, Limited, £90,560 worth of gold from 18,270 tons of ore, and a 20-stamp mill.

JOINT STOCK TRUST AND FINANCE.

We are in a position to announce that the meetings of shareholders and creditors of this company will be held on July 11. The notices will go out in about a week's time.

THE JOHN BULL INVESTMENT TRUST.

Particulars of this scheme will be announced in our next issue. Its object will be to enable our readers, by co-operative investment, to participate in sound and promising financial ventures, under expert guidance, instead of speculating in the dark in a variety of stocks and undertakings as to which they possess no special or reliable information. We hope also to keep them out of the hands of the enterprising fraternity known as "Outside Brokers." There will, however, be nothing in the nature of a Blind Pool about the scheme. The Fund will be placed in the names of trustees appointed by the subscribers, and monthly accounts and reports will be issued—and, we hope, dividends paid.

ENQUIRER (Wolverhampton).—"Basildon House Firm." Send us the correspondence and contracts.

L. T. D. (Bromley).—Your rights have lapsed.

A. W. (Barnsbury).—They are fully-paid, and among West Africans, the mine is about the best.

J. H. B. (Highbury).—The Official Receiver becomes the liquidator.

J. G. S. (Eltham).—The notices go out next week.

T. G. (Rugby).—It is doing well.

A. R. S. (London).—Not at any price.

O. R. (Dudley).—He is a dealer—not a broker.

J. H. M. (Epsom).—We quite agree.

L. T. R. (Birmingham).—There is no liability beyond the subscription.

F. G. (Barnes).—You are entitled to take reasonable notes.

T. L., A. H., C. J., and others.—We cannot recommend any firms.

WIDOW (Brighton).—Keep it in the Savings Bank.

A. H. H. (Chertsey).—It was in the Mayor's Court.

L. T. T. (Salford).—You must tender the money in bank-notes. Have a witness.

BUSINESS MANAGER

Who recently re-organised a well-known Company, doubled the trade at home and abroad, opened some thousands of new accounts, and reduced manufacturing and other costs, desires Work. Has thoroughly sound administrative ability, tact and energy, with unique advertising schemes and up-to-date ideas. Or would introduce a Food Business to Capitalist or Syndicate finding £30,000 on which a net profit of £10,000 per annum can be realised. Remuneration payable on a percentage of actual sales. Highest references.—Address "Rex," Box 1899, Willings, 125, Strand, London, W.C.

JOHN BULL IN THE COURTS.

Sir Edward Clarke.

Sir Edward Clarke's dramatic and almost pathetic resignation of his seat in Parliament points to the early close of a great forensic career. There can be little doubt that the plea of ill-health is in his case more than conventional, and that if he does not retire altogether from practice his appearance at the Courts will be much less frequent. It is seldom that a Counsel who for many years has occupied such a prominent position at the Bar as that held by Sir Edward Clarke remains in practice after he has turned his sixtieth year. Usually such men go to the Bench, and it is not for want of opportunities that Sir Edward Clarke is not there. It is known that on the death of Lord Esher he was offered the Mastership of the Rolls, but he preferred the more active and unrestrained life of the advocate. Surprise is sometimes expressed at a lawyer in very large practice accepting a judgeship. The pecuniary sacrifice is great. For example, Sir John Moulton, who was probably making £20,000 a year when he was offered a seat in the Court of Appeal, only gets £5,000 as a Lord Justice. But the strain of a great practice, more especially when combined with Parliamentary duties, is too great to be continued with safety when a man gets to the sixties.

The Retirement of Lord Justice Stirling.

The announcement that Lord Justice Stirling has placed his resignation in the hands of the Lord Chancellor did not come as a surprise. It was known that he had it in contemplation, and he qualified for a pension some years ago. Sir James Stirling has been one of the silent judges. He would sit in the Court of Appeal through a whole day content with a remark or two, whilst the President of the Court, Lord Justice Vaughan Williams, interrupted Counsel every few minutes. Lord Justice Stirling was an admirable judge, attentive, courteous, accurate, and his resignation will be a distinct loss to the Court of Appeal. He is succeeded by one of the ablest of the Chancery Judges, Mr. Justice Farwell, who, like his predecessor, has the gift of reticence.

Mr. Justice Lawrance.

A very different judge is Mr. Justice Lawrance, retired. His judgments were not only often over-ruled by the Court of Appeal—not unseldom they were of a kind that demonstrated his unfitness for judicial functions. To give an illustration or two. Recently a case came before him, Clayton v. Rowlands, in which the plaintiff sought to recover damages for breach of contract, and the jury gave a verdict in his favour for £3,000. The defendant went to the Court of Appeal, who ordered a new trial. In giving judgment, the Master of the Rolls said "an element was introduced into the case (in the Court below) which made it impossible for Counsel to conduct the defence."

On another occasion Mr. Justice Lawrance took upon himself the functions of a jury. Paquin Limited sued a customer for the price of dresses and other articles. The jury were unable to agree upon a verdict, whereupon Mr. Justice Lawrance entered judgment for the plaintiff for the amount claimed. "I will enter judgment for the plaintiff," said Mr. Justice Lawrance, "for the purpose of putting a speedy end to the case." The Master of the Rolls on appeal described this decision as "somewhat peculiar," and he took no pains to hide his dissent. In giving judgment he said "that there must be a new trial unless the Court was in a position to enter judgment for the defendant seemed to him to be scarcely capable of argument. Judgment given for the plaintiff in such circumstances, where there was abundant evidence to go to the jury, and where they disagreed, could not stand. The question was whether the Court was not bound on the admitted facts to enter judgment for the defendant. He (the Master of the Rolls) had come to the conclusion that it would be wrong to send the case to be tried again when there was no real controversy as to the facts, which had all been ascertained, and the only matter for consideration was whether, taking all the facts as proved, the necessary inferences arising therefrom did not entitle the defendant to judgment. In his opinion they did," an opinion with which the other Lords Justices agreed.

We have given these two illustrations—so far as the Court of Appeal is concerned, they both occurred in a single week—because the criticism is that of the Master of the Rolls, than whom there is no better authority, and because they point to error of a kind which would be impossible on the part of a competent judge, of judicial temperament. Mr. Justice Lawrance's appointment was one of the worst of the Halsbury nominations.

EARLY MORNING IN THE EAST.

By Theodore Dahle.

"Jim! Jim!"

(After a deep silence). "Yus! What's up nah? Who're yer a-shovin' of?" (Falls asleep again.)

"Jim! There's the knocker-up—free times on the winder an' twice at the door-bell. Ain't yer goin' ter get up an' go ter work? Yer sleep loud enough ter wake the dead! Jim! Jim! Get up, I tell yer."

"All right"—(stretching). Don't hustle a bloke. What d'yer s'y?"

"Yer might be a helephant or a rhinoceros, the time it takes yer ter git aht o' bed. Wot's the good of 'avin' a knocker-up at frippence a week if I've gort ter gow on diggin' me elbows inter yer 'alf an 'our arter he's gorn? Yew want a helectric bed, yew do; somefink ter frow yer aht. Get up, I tell yer."

(Yawning and stretching.) "Wot time is it?"

"Ten minutes past five. Didn't yer 'ear the bell ring, an' the tappin' on the winder, an' the clock strike? No, yer wouldn't. Yew wouldn't 'ear a hearthquake, you wouldn't! Yer'll be sleepin' at the Larst Trumpet."

"Garn! Don't nag so much. Yer alw'ys at it. Did yer s'y five o'clock?"

"Ten minutes past five, an' the kettle not a-b'ilin' yet. I dunno wot fings are comin' to."

"Is it dawk, 'Arriett?"

"Dawk! Where d'yer expect the dawk's comin' from in June at a quarter arter five of a mornin'? Suppose yer fink that if yer go aht yer might get lorst. Lor' love me. There ain't no sich luck. Wish yer'd gort lorst afore I married yer, I dew, that's strite!"

"Ow, get orf me nerves. I've alw'ys kep' yer in comfort an' luxury, ain't I?"

"Comfort—an' luxury! Twenty-eight bob a week, four childer, an' a ride on the tram top once a fortnight. Garn! Fat luxury, ain't it?"

"Stop naggin', will yer? Yer orter been a wasp. Is it cold?"

"Get aht an' see. Wot d'ye tyke me for? A wevver chawt or a fermometer?"

"Not much. Yew know when yer comfy, yew do. Fink I'll lose a quarter. Yer've given me a 'eadache."

"Given yer a 'eadache. I'll give yer a toofache if yer ain't up in abaht two minutes. A lot o' quarters yew can afford ter lose, yew can."

(Short pause for reflection.) "Does it rain, 'Arriett?"

"Nah, it don't. It ain't goin' ter rain, neever. It's perfeck wevver. Are yer goin' ter get aht an' go ter work, or ain't yer? Mebbe yer'd like ter telephone to the foreman ter bring yer job ter the front door?"

"That 'ud suit me dahn to the grahnd. Ain't there no fog? It's partic'lar work I'm on now. Cawn't be done in a fog—gets sort o' mixed in the mortar."

"They'll stick all right this mornin', anyhow, if yer there ter stick 'em, or carry 'em, or wotever yer do to 'em. There ain't no rain, an' there ain't no fog, an' there ain't a clahd in the sky. Yer can back that as a winner. Yer ain't 'ad one since I known yer."

"Fink it'll funder or lighten?"

"Nah, I won't. Yew get aht. Get aht nah!"

"All right! All right! Don't be wilent. I ain't well. I ain't felt well fer days an' days. But I s'pose I'll 'av' ter get, if I drop dahn dead. Wot day is it?"

"Yew know. Yew keep cahnt, yew do."

(Getting up.) "Friday. That mykes it Saturday ter-morrow, down't it?"

"Yus, it do."

"An' Saturday's p'y d'y; I looks towards it."

"An' so do I. An' look y'ere. See yer brings 'em 'ome when yer gets 'em, an' never mind the Pig an' Whistle."

"All right, 'Arriett. Friday ter-d'y. Saturd'y ter-morrow. Fank 'evvin, it'll soon be Sunday."

"Ow, go hon! An' 'ere, down't yew clash the door. I want ter get a wink o' sleep, an'——"

THIS WORLD OF WOE.

'ORRIBLE SUICIDE OF AN UNKNOWN.

On a lonely shore in a world of woe a man sat down, sat he,
And he saw the breakers splash the rocks dumped down for eternity;
He heard the hiss, which he could not miss, of the brine about his feet,
And he heaved a sigh, for he wished to die, just because he dare not eat.
"It's a horrible world in which we live," he cried with a gruesome groan,
"And I'm sore perplext what to live on next," and the waves took up the moan,
"It isn't a place for a Christian man; it isn't a place for fun,
If it's cash you lack you always back the horse which should have won;
If you take a walk in a crowded street, death germs are in the air,
You rush in vain to tram or train, for the animals still are there,
They cling to carpets, curtains, mats, and cushions of every hue,
If you raise a dust, as you sometimes must, then they all may go for you;
In fourteen threepenny postage stamps there's a fatal dose of lead,
If you lick the lot, and you'd better not, the chance is you'll be dead;
If you shut the doors you breathe poisoned air, as the tale is often told,
If they're left ajar, as they often are, you're sure to catch a cold;
If you leave your gamp in the hall at home when the glass for fair is set,
You can quite rely on a frowning sky and a journey in the wet.
If you woollens cast in the summer time when the birds are in the trees,
You may get a chill and a doctor's bill, for it often starts to freeze;
There is poison in the glass of beer, and claret is logwood stain,
There is dye in ham, strange things in jam, and rhubarb in champagne;
You can't rely on the cruet stand, for the tricks folk play are mean,
And the doubtful point of the Sunday joint is you can't tell where it's been;
No water's safe unless it's boiled, it's as bad with the milk supply,
There's woe on woe, for you never know what gets in your rabbit pie.
If you don't keep clear of the roadways now at the toot of a motor-car,
At the postman's round you will not be found, for he won't know where you are.
You vote for a man to economise in the House of Parliament;
Despite what he axes, up goes all your taxes, likewise your rates and rent.
All Parties known are tarred alike, and we've reached a sad impasse,
For all you note for your ballot vote is the price you pay for the gas.
And with all the weight of pain and woe that presses on the brow,
You ask yourself, for sake of pelf, what Chicago's canning now;
There isn't a thing alive or dead, with head, or tail, or feet,
That it doesn't can for the food of man in order to make ends meat.
I've eaten all the things it sends with a deal of confidence,
And never a doubt have I spouted out with my trust in Providence.
But now, oh, mighty ocean, take my life with kindly kiss,
And bear me far beyond the bar to fairer realms than this."
He gazed upon the foaming deep, then wrote upon the sand:
"Grieve not for me, whoe'er you be, I'm in a better land."
Then plunged he in the waters blue bathed in a golden sheen,
And from that day, I grieve to say, he never has been seen.

T. T. Deb.

THE UNSEEN WORLD.

(Continued.)

By A. P. SINNETT,

Editor of *Broad Views*, Author of "Esoteric Buddhism," &c.

The faculties that enable some people to transfer their consciousness, as I have already explained, to the astral plane during life, are much more widely diffused than the world at large imagines, and the interior conditions which give rise to such faculties are quite well understood by the occultist. These could only be explained, however, by an elaborate treatise concerning the unseen constituents or principles which make up the complete human organism. It will be more interesting for the moment to set forth the information supplied by those who are in a position to explore

The Antichambers of the Unseen World.

The first broad principle to be borne in mind is that the realm to which ordinary mankind passes on the death of the body—the same which the astral explorer is enabled to investigate—is only the first stage on the upward progress towards exalted spiritual life. It is so enormous a region in itself that those who enter it without knowledge as to what lies beyond, may be well pardoned for the mistake they constantly make of supposing they have reached final conditions of spirituality. But really this region, technically termed "the astral plane," though bigger than this whole world itself—for it constitutes a vast envelope of indescribably fine matter surrounding the physical globe—occupies, after all, but an infinitesimal space in the solar system, the whole of which must be thought of as the theatre of the highest kind of consciousness to which humanity may ultimately attain. In truth, without getting quit of our own planet, it is possible to reach a much more exalted condition than that represented by the astral plane or sphere. (Plane is the expression commonly used by occultists, but must not be confused with the idea of levelness.) For, surrounding the whole astral envelope, a still finer envelope of matter exists, again enormously larger than the former. And here we find the conditions of a truly spiritual existence, not yet dissociated from the life of our own planet.

A Condition both of Suffering and Happiness.

The astral plane—the intermediate stage—includes conditions of a highly varied character. And while these can be investigated by the explorer, sometimes from people who have passed on (according to the familiar phrase used by those who have learned how inapplicable the word "death" is in the case of people who get free from the encumbrance of the physical body)—from some who have gone through painful conditions on their first introduction to the other side, we can learn a good deal about the possibilities of pain and happiness connected with the astral life. Those who live creditable lives awake only on what, for convenience, may be described as the higher regions of the astral plane, and thus know nothing of its lower sufferings; but those who have grossly misspent their physical existence—grovelling amid ignoble tastes and giving rise to misery among their fellow creatures—will generally be so ill qualified for the higher levels of astral existence that they find themselves entangled for many years after they pass over, amidst gloomy surroundings and wretchedly undesirable companionship, from which, indeed, they can only escape by slowly and painfully learning the fundamental lesson of life which they have disregarded on the physical plane—the obligation, that is to say, of so living as to do good instead of harm to one's fellow-creatures. Thus the study even of astral plane conditions emphasises the loftiest morality that religion or philosophy can prescribe, for unselfishness, combined with active sympathy for others, sums up almost all the virtues of which humanity is capable.

The Rewards and Punishments of Nature.

It must not be supposed, however, that the astral plane provides a complete scheme of rewards and punishment for those whose lives are good or evil as the case may be. The penalties of Nature imposed on serious offenders against the fundamental law referred to above will overtake them when in the long progress of time they have passed through complicated experiences, both on the astral and other regions of the Unseen World, and are back again to enjoy or endure another spell of physical life. Most of the sins that commonplace people commit relate so exclusively to physical life that they can only find their suitable response in conditions of physical life. So the great law, perfectly logical in its operation, deals with them as they deserve when they come back to incarnation, and while they are on superphysical levels leaves them for the most part to enjoy such rest, and even such happiness, as the better elements of their constitution may render possible. It is not as a specific penalty that people are kept on the lowel levels of the astral plane in some cases, but simply because in such cases they may be too debased in nature to be qualified for a happier companionship. The populous astral plane has its social classifications like the physical world, although these are determined, not, as amongst ourselves, by what people *have*, but by what they *are*.

The Sub-Planes of the Astral Region.

A complete comprehension of the way in which astral society is thus organised can only be attained by those who are not merely capable during life of visiting the astral region, but are sufficiently developed to be able to range all its regions at will. By virtue of the investigations that have been carried out, we are enabled to realise that the whole region is divided, as it were, into sub-planes, each the natural habitat of persons representing specific degrees of moral and mental progress. The only qualification of this view which is necessary, arises from the fact that those who may be thought of as belonging to the higher levels are perfectly free to move about the lower, and to a very large extent are engaged in what may be thought of as philanthropic work on the lower sub-planes. For it must not be supposed that astral life is idle. Whether existence there is chiefly concerned, as on some of the higher levels, with the further development of studies begun on earth, or whether on others it may be chiefly absorbed in devotional ecstasy or spent in active philanthropic work, every one on the astral plane has abundant opportunity for the employment of his energies, and it is entirely his own fault if he finds himself "bored," with nothing to do. In the infinite varieties of existence to be observed beyond the veil, it is true that even this last condition is to be recognised, and the stupid or frivolous communications coming from the other side at some spiritualistic séances are due to foolish or empty-headed "spirits," as they are awkwardly called, who represent this last-mentioned class. Those who want to comprehend the conditions of the next life should always remember that no one undergoes any sudden exaltation to new conditions of character or wisdom by merely shaking off the physical body. He is just the same immediately after "death" as immediately before. If he was ignorant and stupid here, he will remain so—for a time, at all events—after passing on, and the kind of person who would play silly practical jokes in physical life will do the same thing, through mediums, from the astral plane.

WARNING TO THE DEAF.

In a "Popular Treatise on Deafness," written by one of London's leading ear specialists, there is a most interesting chapter, headed "A Warning," which should be read by every deaf person. The author tells in plain words of the swarms of impostors who deceive the deaf by false claims, which they spread far and wide by bold advertising.

The deaf person who fails to read this book neglects two opportunities, one for learning how to guard against impostors, the other for learning how to apply a successful and simple home treatment. A copy of this book can be obtained post free from the Publisher, "Deafness" (Room 158), 117, Holborn, London, E.C.

BARNI:
A TALE OF DEAD MEN.
[*Continued.*]

BY MAYO O'BLAKE.

Barni said he wondered that The Urbino had not done this sooner. It was not for him to say, or suggest, but he was glad, mighty glad, dhivil a lie in it.

There was no lack of funds behind Señor Urbino. There never is, somehow—so far as the leaders are concerned.

So the contract was agreed—twenty meetings, so as to follow up closely, or to anticipate, the respective meetings of the Leaguers.

Extras were not included in the schedule. In view of the contemporaneous requirements Barni loaded his prices heavily, though The Urbino did not want a little loan.

On his departure, Señor Barni heaved a heavy but happy sigh, took a long pull at a bottle-neck direct, filled a penny clay pipe out of a twopenny paper of vicious tobacco—he was, at that moment, worth over £30,000—and reflected.

"Och, botheration!" he mused. "There's Jacomo's gang and they want to start at Cor—Buchon, I mane—and work up'ards; and here's Patsio's blaggards, and they do be desiring to start at Galw—Galué, that is—and work down'ards. The blessed thick-skulled Giovannies don't be afther seeing that each will scoop clane one ind—laving nothing, not even a blessed shindy, unless I provide the fightin' on both sides—when they meet mid-way in the scarce villages among the bogs and bare hills and wet say-coasts. Turf and surf—and more orators than inhabitants—except my rapshcallions, that I must be for iver cartin' about for them, bedad!"

He checked his figures, and worked them about a little with a blunt and oft-sucked pencil, and resumed his meditations:

"And here's this Urbino wants to be on the hop and jump, and to rush in wherever glory waits, or the dhivil calls, or the ruction's thickest, or plunder's richest! Faith! there'll be wigs on the green in plenty, and hids to be bruk galore. It's a sinful waste, bad scran to the fools! though it's right enough for me. It's foine business, intoirely, for it kapes the game a-howling and a-rowling and—whoy—whoy——"

He suddenly sat up straight, almost scared at the stupendous thought that darted into his mind.

"Whoy, by Sint Sinachrib—and that's no thrifle of an oath, so it isn't—whoy can't they pool the lot? Better still, whoy can't I pool them and have only one set of expinses—?"

He slapped his leg.

"And three sets of payments—av coorse, av coorse. Barni, you blaggard and thafe o' the wurrld, you're a janius—sorra a bit less. But I shall have to let some of those Giovannies stand in wid me for a taste o' profit."

The bottle was handy and tacitly offered its ministrations.

After which he went back to his thinking.

"And"—he paused, and almost panted as a quick development of the magnificent idea shaped itself in his mind.

"And—oh, don't let me go mad over this now, good saints and angels what watches over rashcals and vagabones, and pathriots and meritorious orphans like me!"

He was about forty-eight.

"Whoy shouldn't I fly higher and consholidate the whole lightning-struck lot—those two Lagues and that roaring, hard-mouthed, conjuring semi-lunatic that made them both, and got kicked out of each? Sure, I might conthrive to buy and smash the onsanctified boiling, and mix all up in a new concern—my big pool! And meself sitting behind the scenes and working the traps and the music, and pulling the ropes of the jumping characters.

"I'd look afther my little profits, and pick and choose, and buy or sell the Giovannies to talk and shout, and jeer and defy, and all that, and get into the—the foreign legislature, as they do be calling it, whoile I'd sit snug and tight and kape on buying men—and houses—and nobody minding a traneen whether I'm did or aloive—me making no sign, but working the machinery all the toime—aha!"

His will rose to the stature of the thought.

"And, begorra! I'm the man to do it, too, and not to be hindered in the doing of it, either, bedad! Tim!"

Barni and Timotheo worked all that night and until Cascadia sat down to its breakfasts. They accomplished an immense task in the way of specifications, lists, calculations, estimates, letters of instruction and advice, orders, cheques ready for signature, and, generally, a mass of detail not likely to occur to an inexperienced or non-Ecumean mind.

They had no other assistance than three or four bottles of whiskey and rather more of stout, with a dry loaf, and all the tobacco, or even ignoble cigar-ends or doddlings, that they could find in jars, pockets, or odd places about the house.

Señor Barni Boyla prepared himself for a day's delicate diplomacy. He made his toilet with unusual care by putting his head under the tap over the kitchen sink, rubbing it dry with a grimy cloth, and by the resumption of the bi-weekly shirt-collar.

He sent Timotheo to collect the respective cheques which he had received the preceding day from the Leagues and from Señor Urbino. He never accepted crossed cheques if he could avoid it; people sometimes changed their minds.

Then he sat down to a rough and plentiful breakfast, at which the multi-factor Tim still found him on his return with the cash, and joined him at the repast.

Discreet messengers were despatched for Señors Jacomo and Patsio, but different times were appointed to them. Barni's knowledge of human nature—particularly that of the Ecumean brand—was well-nigh marvellous. He never attempted to coax or banter his fellow-islanders, or to coldly reason with them. When he had nothing to say he was impenetrably reserved and even mysterious; when he had important business in hand he would throw everyone off the scent by his playfulness, carelessness, and general frivolity of speech and habit. But when, as on the present occasion, he had to play an extremely fine and hazardous game, this truly great man brought into play other weapons from his intellectual armoury.

When Jacomo arrived Barni began with a few tentative observations about improving the programme so as to ensure more liveliness and effectiveness.

"Faith, and you're the bhoy, for that same, Barni; but how do ye mane to do't?" asked Jacomo.

Barni generalised and skirmished like a man who has something on his mind which he would like to tell but hesitates about speaking out.

"It's this way, now, Señor Jacomo," said he. He was always very respectful to legislators, league councillors, editors, and popular agitators, even when he ran them, or kept them, or loaned them loans. On the other hand, he permitted them the widest licences of familiarity and vulgar patronage. It pleased them, it profited him, and it kept on flow an undamned but private fount of malediction and contempt which imparted an especial relish to his white pipe and his black bottle in the hours which he spent in his own society.

"It's this way, now, Señor Jacomo. But—but—see here now—well then, begorra! I will trust you intoirely. This is strictly between us two, you know—you must give me your solemn wurrud on that same. Sure, I knew you would. That's the best of daling wid a rale gintleman. Well, thin—whist, whoile I shut the door and see that no one's loitering about in the passage accidental like, you know. So, that's all roight."

Not a precaution was omitted, nor a gesture, tone, or expression designed to convey to Señor Jacomo's mind that it was all highly secret, important, and confidential in the uttermost degree.

"And for why do I do this? Sure, it's because you're a rising man, though likely as not it's yourself is not thinking or caring—as is the habit of raly able men. But I've had my oye on ye this long toime—and I'm only one of many, dhivil a word of a lie in it."

He pressed Señor Jacomo's hand with convincing warmth.

"Thank ye, Barni, thank ye, kindly," murmured that politician affably, and not without a touch of loftiness, as was only natural.

"Whisper," resumed Señor Barni Boyla. "Moind now—this is on your soul and honour, and on your conscience and wurrud, too. Well, thin—the other Lague, Patsio's lot, you

know—have got wind of your schames and are arranging to hould their twenty matings along the same loine o' counthry, bedad!"

Señor Jacomo started.

"Is this true, Barni? Are you sure? Or is it only a woild notion that's come into the busy shkull of ye?" he asked in sincere agitation.

"Sure Señor Jacomo! Wud I be afther deludhering you wid a guess, or a theyory, or an ould woman's shtory? Sorr, I know it for a fact; a solid, warranted, hall-marked, certificated fact as you may take a two-fathom oath upon. Some of your people must have been moighty incautious-like."

Señor Jacomo knitted his brows darkly, and Barni again replenished the glasses with his especial old overproof.

"There's one thing about it," he went on, consolingly. "They'll be starting their campaign from the other ind to yours—from Galué."

"Ah, that's lucky, anyway," exclaimed Señor Jacomo, with a sigh and a smile of relief

"Ah, but," proceeded Barni, icily drenching the transient joy, "what's the good, or where's the sinse, of the two of yez grabbing an ind apiece, coldly and widout a shpice of excitement or opposition, or dhivilry or foighting, or other divarsion? Sure, it will be as flat as stale ponch, bedad!"

"And that's thrue, Barni," sadly assented Señor Jacomo.

"And when you both mate midways, wid sorra a bit o' sperrit left in ye, and all the possibilities of fun and enjoyment and sinsation and success clane wasted, what the dhivil betther will ye both be, or where the hill wud be the use of either of yez going furder? For you will have been claring your ind, and the other lot will have been claring theirs, and there'll not be a traneen left to glean, or a member to enrol, or a hid to break, wid anv satisfaction or utilitee, bad scran to it!"

He spake with deep feeling and undiluted disgust.

"Holy murther! And it's a black look-out, whichever way you consider it," despondingly remarked Señor Jacomo.

"Well, now, sorr," said Barni, more briskly, judging that he had induced the judicious condition of dejection and helplessness, "this is what you'll do. For is it me that's the man to give you this saycret and private information without showing you a way out? Ah, and more than that, begorra! for it's a moighty advantage that you can be afther extracthing from the circumstances. Listen now."

"I am listening, Barni, with all the ears of me; with my heart in both and my fears in the other."

"Aha! that's you for taking in the situation. This is your plan. Instead of starting at Buchon, or even up-ending your plans and beginning at the tail-end, that's Galué, you should open mid-way——"

"Ha!"

"Oh, I know fine that you'd see it wid yer quick, keen foresight. You begin at the middle—say, at Noghina—and get representatives, delegates, from the other towns and districts, north, south, and east——"

"Why!" cried Señor Jacomo, jumping up in great excitement. "Why not call it a Convention, and dish the 'General'?"

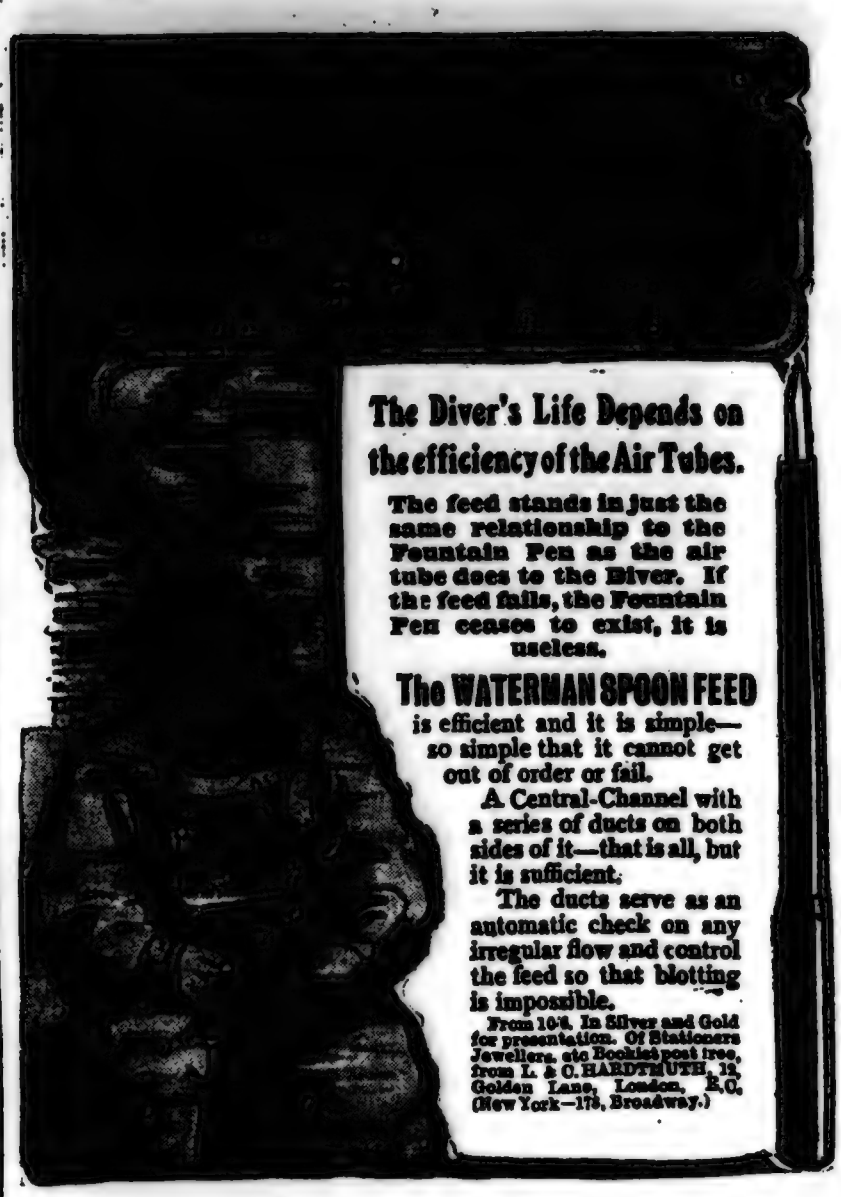
Barni regarded him with a mute admiration almost verging on worship.

"What did I say?" cried he, with enthusiasm, eagerly interrogating the dull and dusty furniture. "What have I always said of you? Sorr, there's not a betther head than your own in all green Ecumea, bar none, more pow'r to it! Though, maybe, it's yourself will be the last to find it out—the usual way, the usual way. It's only the shallow blitherers that's consaited and noisy."

"Yes, that's it," went on Señor Jacomo, in a ruminating and abstracted manner, as if he had not heard and relished intensely what Barni had confided to his inanimate plenishing. "A Convention. Delegates summoned from right and left. To confirm general policy of the League. Of course, I shall speak——"

"Av coorse, av coorse," laughed Barni. "And who else, I'd like to know, if not you? Show me the man who says or even thinks to the contrary of that same."

(To be continued.)


The Diver's Life Depends on the efficiency of the Air Tubes.
The feed stands in just the same relationship to the Fountain Pen as the air tube does to the Diver. If the feed fails, the Fountain Pen ceases to exist, it is useless.
The WATERMAN SPOON FEED
is efficient and it is simple—so simple that it cannot get out of order or fail.
A Central-Channel with a series of ducts on both sides of it—that is all, but it is sufficient.
The ducts serve as an automatic check on any irregular flow and control the feed so that blotting is impossible.
From 10/6. In Silver and Gold for presentation. Of Stationers Jewellers, etc Booklet post free, from L. & C. HARDTMUTH, 12, Golden Lane, London, E.C. (New York—173, Broadway.)

NEURALGIA, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, } QUICKLY AND SAFELY CURED BY **ZOX**

DO YOU SUFFER from Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, or any nerve pains? **Zox** will cure you. No matter how violent the attack, how agonizing the pain, you will find instant relief through **Zox.**

FREE OFFER.

The Proprietors of **Zox** are so confident of its efficacy that they offer readers of JOHN BULL Two Sample Powders free, on receipt of stamped addressed envelope.

Zox is easily taken, and is instantaneous in its effects. It is absolutely harmless, and is certified as free from any injurious substance.

Zox Powders can be obtained of Chemists, Stores, &c., at 1/- and 2/6 per box, or post free from THE ZOX CO., 11, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.

TO DRAW-WELL it is advisable to have a good pencil.

KOH-I-NOOR PENCILS

are an essential part of the artist's outfit. And they give far better service to all pencil users than can be got from any other pencil. The Koh-I-Noor is not an ordinary pencil; there is something about its smoothness in working and the way it lasts that puts it in a class of its own.

KOH-I-NOOR PENCILS are 4d. each, 3s. 6d. per dozen everywhere. Of Stationers, Artists' Colourmen, etc. Illustrated Booklet post free from L. & C. HARDTMUTH, 12, Golden Lane, London, E.C.

"KOH-I-NOOR" IS MADE BY L. & C. HARDTMUTH IN AUSTRIA.

BULL'S-EYES,

REFLECTED FROM OUR OWN LANTERNS.

The Banbury cake is to be re-introduced into the House of Commons; and, as was the case in the last Parliament, it is confidently anticipated that Sir Frederick will take it.

The reason why the popularity of Banbury cakes declined at the last election was that nobody would Peckham.

Mr. Winston Churchill has been informed by special cable that the latest song in the Chinese compounds in South Africa is "I wouldn't leave my wooden hut for you."

There is absolutely no truth in the rumour that Consols will soon be given away with a pound of tea.

In order to stimulate trade in these magnificent gilt-edged securities, I am authorised to state that the Government undertakes to purchase for any lady or gentleman applying through the Post Office Savings Bank a shilling's worth at a time, and that they can have their money back on application, subject to the eccentricities of the market. A shilling's worth of Consols to-day may be worth 11½d. to-morrow. Parties furnishing please note.

A recent announcement of the twinkling *Star* was that there had been a "Turco-Egyptian Hitch" arising out of the measurement of the three-mile limit from Akaba. It has since been recognised that the *germ* of the hitch was due to the terrible Turk, but the diplomatists have now brought him up to the scratch.

Science is ever marching. At a recent lecture on colour-photography, Professor Enoch advised ladies that when they were photographed by the colour system they should not wink, as the wink would come out orange, and leave the normal eye of natural hue. The colour of a kiss in a tunnel has not yet been discovered; but there are some suspicions that it oft inclines to crimson.

Apropos of the studio murder, I hear on high authority that the Scotland Yard detectives are still without a clue. They confidently anticipate, however, that they will be able to find one in about ten years; when if they see a soldier wearing spurs, with the label on his back, "I did it," they will know at once that they have got their man.

Week-end balloon parties are now the latest thing. "Come and have tea with us, the second cloud on the left behind the sunset," will doubtless be the form of invitation.

There is a commercial traveller in Canada who is 75 years of age and still at work taking orders. That is nothing. We know a clergyman who took orders 60 years ago, and still holds his position.

The salary of a draughtsman employed by the Stockport Corporation has been increased by 2d. a week. The fortunate man has not yet decided what to do with it. At present his choice halts between a new house and a motor-car.

Dr. Emil Reich, who appears to have an explanation for everything, attributes baldness to specialisation. We, who also know something, recommend sufferers to a course of hair-rising fiction.

"*We do not think* (says the "Era") that either author or actor are aware of the immense importance of their work." But whoever has seen an actor-manager in private life will soon find out that is not so. A peacock on a sunny afternoon isn't in it.

A fire broke out in Messrs. Spiers and Pond's bakery, in Blackfriars, the other night. No lives were lost, as the promptness with which the Fire Brigade arrived took the cake.

It is stated that a new armour-plated battleship is to be built for the American Navy. It is to be hoped that the sailors will not be fed on Armour-plated beef.

The latest fashionable colour for ladies is known as "Vesuvius." Amongst men a drop of the crater has long been fashionable.

Mr. Roosevelt announces that for the future he will not write for publication during the term of his presidency except on matters of public business or in an official way. That is pretty strong-minded of Teddy, as whenever a man has written a book nothing short of a special law or prussic acid will stop him writing another. Especially if he's British and holds a Government appointment.

Lord Rosebery has ended a long, and, doubtless, pleasant sojourn in Naples, and returned to his strenuous labours in the lonely furrow with the agricultural implements. Time was when it seemed as if he would rob C.-B. of his job; but from the time the Nonconformist conscience discovered that he had a Derby winner, and branded him as a heinous sinner who was setting a shocking bad example to everybody who did not happen to back it, he apparently got dead tired of the Official Programme, and started manufacturing clean slates. Latterly he has not had his name very often in the papers, and apparently he has retired from business. But many people think he is a gentleman with a future, so that he may yet be in time if he hurries.

Lord Northcliffe's young men are becoming somewhat hysterical on the subject of the Chicago meat scandal, and we note that both the "Daily Mail" and "Mirror" are including the well-known Yankee firm of Libby in what they are pleased to call "America's Poison List." We are anxiously awaiting the next issue of the "London Magazine," in order to see whether Lord Northcliffe's advertisement managers have, or have not, permitted this firm to continue the use of a whole page in that publication for advertising their "poisons."

The German burgomasters, sailors, artists, doctors, and editors visiting this country are hoping for a German entente—but we rather suspect the German intent.

A British squadron is to visit several Russian ports in the autumn. This commercial venture may lead to a big naval order.

The Poplar waste was not barren of good things. Think of the ham at 11½. It must have been gammon.

A stained glass window is to be erected in St. Mary's Church, Bulvan, Essex, to be known as "The Mary Window," and to be subscribed for by Marys only. If all the little Marys will only add their mite the total should be fairly decent.

Reuter says, "The French cruiser 'Dupleix' lost her port screw when manœuvring off Cherbourg." More red tape. Surely they could have knocked the neck off the bottle!

The "Spectator" says the whole *system* of the Chicago Beef Trust is rotten. We had an idea it was the meat.

A very rare St. Martin of Lincoln penny was sold at Sotheby's for £51. Quite a typical instance of the proverb which says penny wise and pound foolish.

We are told in the "Manchester Dispatch" that the possession of a box at Covent Garden is supposed to represent the sum of human happiness in certain coteries. Just so, and the unfortunate coster who is without the ready to purchase a box would be pretty miserable o' mornings.

A contemporary mourns that quick lunches are not popular in London. The L.C.C. themselves consider that they must have been invented for very fast people. Ah, us! Naturally, naturally.

Hansard reports that Mr. Chamberlain has spoken no less than 156¾ columns up to the Whitsuntide adjournment, against the Prime Minister's 61. There are columns and columns. Some may be jerry-built affairs and erected quicker than those with more *substratum*.

Sir Edward Clarke has—and the City is—resigned.

Strange that two of the chief characters in the Poplar inquiry should be named Robb and Crooks.

JOHN BULL IN THE WORKHOUSE PLEASAUNCE.

John Bull (to Mr. Bumble): COME OUT OF THAT, AND LET THIS POOR DEVIL HAVE A REST!

PRISONERS AT THE BAR.

By HERBERT VIVIAN.

II.—THE EARL OF ROSEBERY, K.G.

Archibald Philip Primrose, Earl of Rosebery, you that are the prisoner at the bar, hold up your hand. The jury have given you the benefit of the doubt, and acquitted you of political arson, but their duty clearly compelled them to convict you in respect to the unnatural offence of boring the British public. Had the jury been spelled differently, you would doubtless have escaped justice. But, happily, this was not to be.

Boring the Public.

Now, the B.P. is not a b.f., and though you have bored relentlessly, you have not been successful in your efforts to impose. I shall bear this in mind in mitigation of your sentence; but in some ways you have contrived to snatch an adscititious reputation. You are, for instance, still mentioned as the orator of the empire. How any sane person, even in Scotland, ever mistook you for an orator, the Lord only knows, for you possess neither the form nor the substance of oratory. You may have read the old adage, that the three essential conditions of eloquence are action, action, action. You have accordingly acquired such trumpery tricks as elocutionists teach. You can fold your arms very suddenly, you can clasp your hands like a mute, you can rant like a tenth-rate mummer, you can wriggle and beck and writhe, but your gestures remain those of an automaton. You slap a table when no emphasis is needed, you point a finger of scorn when you want to be pathetic, you storm when you should sigh. Your speeches are full of action, overladen with action; but it is always the wrong action, and you are no more convincing than a marionette.

And as for the magic of your words, it is about as potent as that of a fraudulent medium. Your grammar would have earned you a flogging at any other school but Eton; your slipshod sentences ,your repetitions, your cumbrous evolutions, your labyrinthine parentheses are not transfigured by your glib, sleek, fat, tinned beef enunciation. Once (and once only) I found delight in the *Times* newspaper. With unconscious humour it calmly reported one of your speeches "as she was spoke." If I use so familiar a phrase I must not be thought to emulate the facetious dicta of my Brother Darling. But in referring to that report, it is difficult to maintain a grave countenance even upon this Bench. The stenographer might have been a phonograph. He reproduced you, "warts and all," perhaps in deference to your hero-worship of Oliver Williams, alias Cromwell, the regicide.

A Few Examples.

I will quote a few paragraphs, as I wish to be just with you, and every detraction from your importance must mitigate your offence. Listen to this: "The refusal to press for them at the very moment when they were hunting a poor money-lender through the corridors of the House of Commons to make him produce the most precious thing he had in the world—his account book—just at the very moment they refused to produce those papers which the Colonial Office had seen." Was there ever such gibberish? A subject without a verb is a frequent perplexity of unpractised speakers. It comes as a surprise from the self-constituted orator of the empire. Why does not one of my-lord Northcliffe's periodicals offer a prize to anyone who can parse the lucubration I have quoted? The task is impossible enough to attract the generosity of the editor of *Answers*. In case of ties, a further problem might be found in the following excerpt from the same speech: "It was to prove it was that the Government wished to prove that it did not mean to falsify promises made in Opposition."

In the same unfortunate speech, you said to your somnolent audience, "Last July I spoke with singular frankness and truth." If you did, it was certainly singular, and you are to be congratulated on your candour, cynicism or no cynicism.

Now, as to the offence whereof you have been found guilty. The chief count lies in your use of vain repetitions, due to a great scarcity of tropes. Whenever you are announced to deliver a speech, it is always easy to forecast exactly what you will say, for a prognosticator has only to look up your previous performances and rely upon a resurrection-pie. We know we shall be treated to that blessed word efficiency, which in your mouth means very little more than Mesopotamia. We all want efficiency, just as many of us want morality, but it is idle to prate about either until you are able to define it, to suggest how we may obtain it. Only once have you made that effort, when you made the absurd suggestion of a cabinet of counter-jumpers, with yourself, I suppose, as advertising agent. Again, we may safely predict some twaddling allusion to clean slates, your contention being that all political programmes should be ephemeral. They are not to be carved in granite, but scribbled with a slate-pencil, and wiped off with a thumb. You have been answered, rebuked, chastised, laughed to scorn over and over again, but you continue to collect mobs, and reiterate the same still-born platitudes. Surely any parrot could display more imagination than you.

That indeed was admitted by your eminent counsel, when he urged that the barrenness of your mind was your misfortune rather than your fault. But if you had been honestly desirous of eschewing your abominable offence, and ceasing to bore the British public, you might have followed the example of the Prime Minister, who, with slightly better brains than yourself, still contrives to amuse. I remember being struck by an exceedingly witty speech of his, and remarking upon it to a friend. "Oh!" was the answer, "he has just changed his secretary." So you, with all the means at your disposal, might at least hire someone else to prompt you with passable epigrams.

Sentence.

Not to commit upon the jury the unspeakable offence which you have committed upon the public, I hasten to pass sentence. You have wisely anticipated a portion thereof by committing the happy despatch and burying yourself voluntarily, a political corpse, in a lonely furrow. The court, therefore, doth merely award that you be confined in perpetual obscurity, that you make unto yourself no more graven images of notorious murderers, and that you do for ever hold your peace.

EASE IN WRITING

is assured if you are the fortunate owner of a

'SWAN'

FOUNTAIN PEN.

You are then no longer at the mercy of a scratchy nib, a dirty ink-pot, or any of those many inconveniences that the old style of writing involves.

You can make a friend of your "SWAN," and as a companion it possesses few equals.

With every "SWAN" satisfaction is guaranteed, or your money returned.

Made in 3 Sizes,

10/6, 16/6, 25/-

UPWARDS.

SOLD BY STATIONERS AND JEWELLERS.

Complete Illustrated Catalogue Post Free on Application to—

MABIE, TODD & BARD,

70 & 80, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.

93, Cheapside, E.C., 95a, Regent Street, W., London; 3, Exchange Street, Manchester; Brentano's, 37, Avenue de l'Opera, Paris; and at Brussels, New York and Chicago.

Size 3 Improved 'SWAN' Pen 16/6 (mounted 21/-). Post Free.

Only Two Weeks More

You have just enough time to send for our Free Descriptive Book, read it, and post your Order before our Sale of The International Library ends for ever on July 9th. After the close of the sale our printing plates will be melted, so that no more sets can be printed or sold.

Six Important Facts

1. Our great sale of The International Library ends for ever on July 9th.
2. After orders posted on or before July 9th are executed, the printing plates of The International Library will be melted down, so that it will be impossible for anyone to print or sell any further copies.
3. Our present stock of Libraries will be exhausted before July 9th; probably in the next few days.
4. If you order before these sets are gone you will get a Library promptly.
5. In a few days we shall stop sending out the gratis and post-free Descriptive Books, so that you must send for one at once, or make up your mind about buying without seeing the book with tells all about the Library.
6. You will miss the opportunity of a lifetime—an opportunity that can never be yours again—if you don't send for the Free Book NOW.

A Permanent Investment

Food at a penny a larderful would not be so great a bargain as this offer. The food would be eaten and more required. There would be a temporary saving, but no lasting benefit.

Newspapers are not so cheap as The International Library. Even the best newspaper, if sold for a yearly subscription of half-a-crown, would not be so cheap.

A newspaper may be a necessity, but even so, the price paid for it is an expense, not an investment. For it gets out of date in a day, and leaves little behind it. Some books, too, get out of date. Encyclopædias and dictionaries require supplementing and revising; histories fall behind the times, and ordinary fiction loses its zest.

The International Library, however, will never get out of date. The best books survive. They are the only imperishable work of man. Amongst the most widely read books to-day are the classics of the olden times.

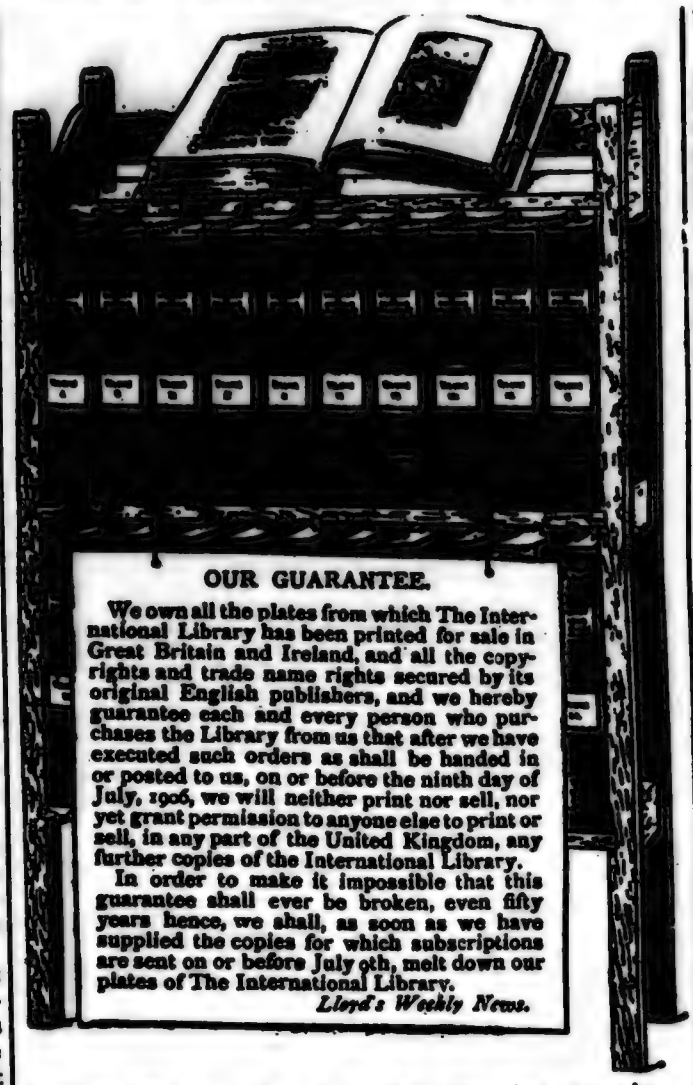
An Increase in Value

The International Library contains *only the best*. There is no uncertainty about the contents of these 20 volumes. They contain works that have already withstood the test of time—back to the oldest story in the world, 4500 B.C.—and nothing that is not worth preserving, nothing that does not bear the stamp of genius, nothing that will not be read with as much delight and profit twenty or fifty years hence as to-day.

The destruction of the printing plates of the Library will enhance the value of existing sets. The people disappointed now, and those who later want Libraries will not be able to secure them unless you or other purchasers are willing to sell. Demand without supply always increases value.

A Complete Library

"The International" is a complete Library, twenty large and beautiful volumes, containing the best things that have ever been written, the masterpieces of the greatest writers of good books the whole world over, living and dead, English, French, German, Spanish,



OUR GUARANTEE.

We own all the plates from which The International Library has been printed for sale in Great Britain and Ireland, and all the copyrights and trade name rights secured by its original English publishers, and we hereby guarantee each and every person who purchases the Library from us that after we have executed such orders as shall be handed in or posted to us, on or before the ninth day of July, 1906, we will neither print nor sell, nor yet grant permission to anyone else to print or sell, in any part of the United Kingdom, any further copies of the International Library.

In order to make it impossible that this guarantee shall ever be broken, even fifty years hence, we shall, as soon as we have supplied the copies for which subscriptions are sent on or before July 9th, melt down our plates of The International Library.

Lloyd's Weekly News.

Russian, Chinese, Japanese, Scandinavian, American, Italian, Greek, Roman, Egyptian, Persian—every nation, ancient, and modern, that has produced a writer of good, interesting books; all of it, of course, done into good English, so that you can read in your own tongue the great writings of all lands and all times—enough intensely interesting reading to last a lifetime. The Library contains 10,000 big pages, printed in large, clear type on handsome soft paper of capital quality; there are 500 full-page illustrations, each printed separately from the type pages on fine art paper; the bindings are rich, handsome, and durable.

Only 2/6 Down

The twenty sumptuous volumes of The International Library, the handsome fumed oak Bookcase, and the beautiful framed hand-coloured Picture will be sent you complete for only 2s. 6d. down.

You pay not a penny more until you have had them all in your home for a month, and then only 5s. a month until the purchase is completed. The total price for books, bookcase, and picture is only half the regular price of the books alone.

Last Chance for Free Book

This is the last chance you will have of securing the Descriptive Book which we offer to send you gratis and post free. We shall not send it to readers of subsequent advertisements. It contains 124 pages, fully describes The International Library, bookcase, and picture, and includes forty actual specimen pages, showing the fine paper, clear type, and some of the 500 full-page illustrations. Send for it AT ONCE, or you will have to decide whether you want the Library or not without its guidance.

The World's Best

The International Library brings together, in its twenty handsome volumes, some thousands of the greatest writers of the most thrilling fiction, fascinating poetry, dramatic history, brilliant essays, masterly speeches that have made history, the world's best short stories, and every other kind of interesting writings.

Twenty volumes—big volumes such as The International Library—are just large enough to hold the best things. Twenty volumes a man can manage to read. Twenty volumes in a substantial bookcase makes a handsome addition to the furniture in the home.

The Selection of Experts

The names of the editors of the Library guarantee that it has been well chosen and skilfully arranged. They are men who have passed their whole lives among books. The late Dr. Richard Garnett, LL.D., C.B., the Editor-in-chief of the Library, held office for fifty years in the Library of the British Museum (where there are over two million books), and had, we believe, a knowledge of books—and of what people like to read—greater than that ever possessed by any other man. He was assisted by eminent French, German, and American littérateurs.

Arrangement

Each author is placed in congenial company, so that the Library shall sustain the interest of the reader as he goes through volume after volume. Instead of reading haphazard, the purchaser has his books all arranged so that he reads with pleasure the various styles of the authors that are thus set off to the best advantage.

A Vast Index

The splendid index makes it easy for a reader to find an author, speech, poem, or historical event referred to in his daily paper. As a work of reference alone it is invaluable. You can find almost anything you may wish to know about books or their writers. But, unlike ordinary books of reference, the Library keeps you interested, and tempts you to read on and on.

The Art Side of the Library

Literature and art are always associated, and rightly. They are but different forms of expression of great inspirations, the speaking to us of great minds through different mediums. The Library itself contains 500 full-page carefully selected illustrations printed on art surface paper; and it is accompanied by a beautiful hand-coloured reproduction of M. I. Dicksee's Royal Academy painting. "Swift and Stella," richly framed in superior gilt, 2ft. 4in. by 2ft., a work of art that will grace any home, be it palace or humble cottage.

Cut here ..... Cut here .....

"The Manager, Lloyd's Weekly News," 190-A, Salisbury Sq., London, E.C.

Please send me, gratis and post free, and without any obligation on my part, your Descriptive Book as advertised in "JOHN BULL" of June 23rd, 1906. **(Please write clearly)**

Name.....
190-A

Address.....

SHAMS.

I.—THE KEELEY INSTITUTE—(*continued*).

By ANTI-HUMBUG.

We have received a letter which says, referring to our first article on the Keeley treatment :—

"I take the first moment possible to send my most urgent protest against this article. I have the most irrefragable evidence as to the marvellous treatment of the Keeley Institute, including the cure of one of my closest relations, but this is only one of many which I have known.

"I enclose the literature of the Institute, which speaks for itself, and can only say that if the general information contained in JOHN BULL were on a level with that given in the article it certainly would not be worth reading."

Enclosed in this not very complimentary communication is a statement of four columns taken from the *Christian Commonwealth* of May 31, 1906, which describes, or purports to describe, what happened at the annual meeting of the Institute held at its premises on May 23, 1906. A number of persons who have been under the treatment testified to its efficacy. We find among them many of those whose similar statements have appeared in the pamphlet issued by the Institute for several years past. It would seem that these persons are in the habit of publicly testifying year by year. There was the lady journalist, "brought up in a high moral atmosphere," and the "very young curate, with a very high collar, and a smooth, fair, cheek," and the "handsome elderly lady" who, not content with taking alcohol, "indulged in the opium habit;" and the "elderly gray-haired gentleman" whose medical man, in true professional style, told him that the Keeley treatment was "pure cussedness"; and "one of our oldest patients" who began drinking a glass of whiskey and water, but "disliked the taste and did not swallow the fluid"; and many other witnesses to the truth of the Keeley doctrine. We have not the space to examine their statements very closely, but we may note one remarkable observation of the chairman, our silent friend, Canon Fleming; this observation, by the way, being taken from a report that appears in the *Sunday School Chronicle*, for which we are also indebted to the correspondent quoted above.

Said the Canon in reply to an inconveniently candid witness, who observed that "he felt that so long as there was drink, so long there would be danger." "If the crave is gone and a man is free, surely it is not the fault of the person ,who sets him free if he gets enslaved again? It would not be the Institute, but the man who was the failure."

In making this remark, Canon Fleming seems to us to give away his case. We are not concerned to deny that if a man goes to the Keeley Institute and stays there for some weeks, taking very powerful tonics, oftener than not he will be sober for a time after he leaves the Institute; but what the Institute and what Canon Fleming claim, and have claimed throughout, is permanent cure. What they say is that in the large majority of cases the man who has been to the Keeley Institute never relapses. Yet here we have the chairman of the committee, when told by a man in front of him who has tried the cure that "as long as there was drink so long there would be danger," not attempting to deny it, but pleading that if the man gets drunk again it is not the fault of the Institute, but his own.

We might stop here, content with this admission of the leading advocate of the Institute, but we want to drive home the truth that those who go to the Keeley Institute for treatment, or many of them, are not only not permanently cured, but leave the Institute in a much worse condition than they entered it—in this sense, that when once again they take to drink, as sooner or later they mostly do, they are not in such a good physical condition to withstand its effects as they were before they were drenched and inoculated at the Institute.

In Mr. Keeley's statement, still circulated by the Institute, he says of the treatment—

"It never in a single instance has injured man, woman or child in body or mind."

A more inaccurate statement was never made, but, not content with it, he goes on to repeat—

"The Keeley remedies never have harmed, nor can harm even an infant; on the contrary, they have benefited every patient who has taken them, and have cured thousands of cases of incipient insanity."

We suppose statements of this kind are necessary, in the opinion of quacks, to impress the public. Unhappily, there are very many instances of this Keeley treatment having completely wrecked the health of those who submitted to it.

In the same pamphlet from which we take the above quotations we find a statement from Dr. James Edmunds, M.D., M.R.C.P., praising the Keeley system in a very unreserved way. This letter is dated September, 1892, and we should like to know whether it is still published by Dr. Edmunds' authority. Our information is that the directors of the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution, to which he is consulting physician, insisted upon his withdrawing it or ceasing to be associated with their great organisation. If that be so, some explanation of its continued use by the Institute would seem to be called for.

Now for some cases, two or three of many scores, which tell a different tale to those quoted above.

First, a letter commenting upon our first article, the writer permitting us to use his name. Mr. Harold Furniss, of 19, Ethelbert Road, Wimbledon, writes :—"My wife took the treatment, and in a fortnight after her return home she was as bad as ever. A month afterwards she commenced the treatment again, and ten days after her return she was worse than ever."

C. S., a lieutenant in the Second Battalion of the 24th South Wales Borderers, was in the Keeley Institute six weeks in the autumn of 1903. In the following January he was in hospital suffering from collapse, which was attributed by the house-surgeon, a very distinguished man, to the Keeley treatment. C. S. was sent to America by his friends, and died there two or three months after his arrival—from drink.

M. C. served at the base of Lord Methuen at De Aar as a civil surgeon, afterwards was a dispensary physician under the Irish Local Government Board; went to the Keeley Institute in 1903, and was there six weeks. Came out apparently cured; had delirium tremens within a fortnight of his leaving the Institute; treated at Charing Cross Hospital, where he said that the Keeley treatment had wrecked him. Seen afterwards in Dublin a wreck, which he attributed to the injections administered to him at the Institute. When he went there he was thirty-six years of age, a strong, powerful man.

R. H. M., son of a Recorder. Thirteen years ago was sent to the parent institution, at Dwight, to be treated for drunkenness. Went through a six months' treatment. Returned to England a mere wreck. Has since pulled himself together a little, and is now in the Civil Service, but gets drunk whenever opportunity serves. He admits he was never cured.

A. B. H. went to the Institute three years ago. Paid 24 guineas, and eight guineas for board and lodging. Allowed to drink what he pleased. Remained there the full month. Was out on the last night and seen rolling drunk in Jermyn Street. Since last November he has been trying the Turvey system. Is as drunk as ever. A man of 43, weighing 15 stone.

E. C., son of a general officer. Went to the Keeley Institute five years ago. Usual fees paid. Was there two days. Drunk all the time. Turned out at the end of the second day, being uproariously drunk. Institute management objects to keeping *noisy* drunkards. Asked for the return of his money, was told the 24 guineas would be repaid to his sister, from whom the fees were received. Institute refused to return any portion of the eight guineas for the four weeks' board and lodging.

In most of these cases the Keeley treatment not only failed to cure—it left the patients wrecks. In our next and final article we shall deal with the commercial aspect of the Keeley Institute. We observe that at the recent meeting, as reported in the *Christian Commonwealth*, Canon Fleming said that people complained to him of the cost of the Keeley treatment. In reply to these complaints, the Canon, it seems, is in the habit of answering that "£40 or £50" is a mere bagatelle compared with the benefit that the patient derives from the Keeley treatment. It may be a bagatelle to the Canon, but it is not to a large number of people who suffer from excessive drink, and whose friends would be glad to apply an efficient cure, such as the Keeley treatment claims to be. It must be remembered, too, that the £40 or £50 of which the Canon speaks so lightly represents in very large measure net profit to the Institute. Has it never occurred to the Canon to urge that these exorbitant fees should be reduced in order that the remedy, as he believes it, should be brought within the reach of persons of small means?

GRADUAL PAYMENT SYSTEM

BY MONTHLY INSTALMENTS.

PARTICULARS and CATALOGUES FREE by POST.

£10 £10

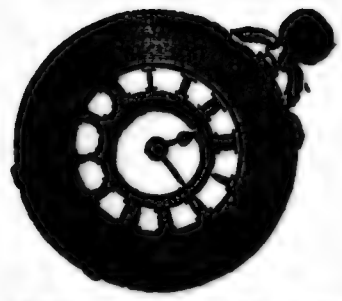
Lady's Gold Keyless Lever, perfect for Time, Beauty, and Workmanship. Ditto in Silver, £5.

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELLERY, AND PLATE.

ENGAGEMENT RINGS, BRIDESMAIDS' PRESENTS.

NOVELTIES IN GREAT VARIETY.

SIR JOHN BENNETT LTD.



Miniature Watches of every description. As illustrated (of the highest quality),

£15.

GOLD, £25 SILVER, £15

Our "Standard" ¾-plate English Keyless Half-Chronometer, Jewelled throughout in Rubies, Breguet Hair Spring for Close Adjustment and to prevent variation in the pocket. Accurately timed for all Climates. Specially constructed for Hunting and Rough Wear. In Massive 18-carat Gold Cases, with Monogram or Crest Richly Emblazoned. In Crystal Glass, Hunting or Half-Hunting Cases.

GOLD, £2 SILVER, £10

Our "Colonial" Gold Keyless ¾-plate English Half-Chronometer, Fully Jewelled in Rubies, Chronometer Balance, 18-ct. Gold Extra Strong Case. In Crystal Glass, Hunting or Half-Hunting Case, £21. Ditto in Silver, £10.

SIR JOHN BENNETT, LTD.,

65, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

THE FOUL FRENCH.

By Jim Crow.

[*The Editor wishes it to be clearly understood that the views expressed in this article are the exclusive property of the writer.*]

Cordial understandings may be all very well for political purposes, and I join in admiration of Edward VII.'s diplomacy, if only because it means economy in armaments. But it will be well to remember that the French are corrupt, tyrannical, bloodthirsty, sycophantic, effeminate, unmannerly, treacherous, and lecherous; that their minds are so ill-balanced as to suggest insanity.

History.

In taking stock of a people we cannot afford to close our eyes to their history. What has happened once may happen again. In the middle ages the treachery of the French made them a standing menace to the world. English armies were compelled to overrun the country of these enemies of the human race, and English armies may be compelled to repeat the operation. Privilege was so exacting and oppressive in the 18th century that France was an awful example of barbarism, and even moderate men welcomed a revolution. But the revolution was conducted with such fiendish and unreasonable cruelty that we may scarce read the details without indignant horror to-day. The revolution gave birth to the infamous rule of a tyrant. Once more France was a menace to Europe, and once more John Bull had perforce to intervene.

Corruption.

Ever since Waterloo, the French have been ruled by the worst elements of the middle classes. The people are still down-trodden, exploited, kept out in the cold. Bureaucracy is rampant. Red tape entangles every department of State. Public scandal succeeds public scandal. Wilson, Panama, and Dreyfus are words which connote the chronic malady of the State, and it must be remembered that for one such revelation there are hundreds of iniquities which are carefully suppressed. Bribery and trickery stultify popular institutions. Statesmen embark on public life for the sole purpose of feathering their own nests. The national finance is invariably of the wild-cat kind. Debt is piled upon debt, taxation upon taxation, until bankruptcy cannot be very far off. Justice is unknown. Verdicts are for the litigants with the longest purses. Red-handed criminals are hilariously acquitted by maudlin juries for sentimental reasons.

Insecurity.

Though French prisons are the worst in the world, no efficient deterrent has been found for crime. Paris and Nice are the most dangerous towns in the world. Whole quarters are given up to desperate Hooligans every night, and no effort is made to restrain them. "Paris la nuit" is a standing rubric in every newspaper to chronicle complacently the endless tale of violence, such as would scarcely be tolerated in a cannibal isle. Before the Revolution, wild, villainous faces, hardly human, were to be seen in the streets, and men asked anxiously whence they came. The same type of face is still abroad; the same criminal instincts still pervade the lowest classes.

Vice.

This is largely due to heredity. It may also be traced to the universal sway of variegated vice, whereby men's minds are unhinged, souls destroyed, and bodies enervated. A people fed upon absinthe and snips is not likely to possess the same tissues as are bred by beef and beer. Open infidelity, conjugal as well as religious, can only exercise a distracting influence upon character. Women as well as men have foul minds, foul tongues, and foul habits. If you doubt me, take up any of the light literature which is openly flaunted in public places. The best authorities will assure you that it accurately reflects the life and manners of the French people.

Society.

The French gentleman has long been extinct. Society is a sink of iniquity. Jews are supreme in every walk of life, and all classes cringe before the rich. French politeness is a myth. Bows and scrapes are still prodigally lavished, but such monkey tricks are a poor substitute for tact, consideration, and chivalry. Nowhere are women treated with more flagrant cynicism than in France. They are hustled away in public places, and advantage is always taken of their weakness whenever they come into competition with the ugly sex. Men boast of their conquests, real or imaginary, with callous effrontery and an utter disregard of decency or honour. At the famous fire of the Charity Bazaar, ladies were struck with walking-sticks by creatures calling themselves men in the frantic struggle for life.

Effeminacy.

The fact is, the men are no longer manly. When they fight duels they take every imaginable precaution to avoid bloodshed, and a death is regarded as an amazing accident. When they go out hunting or shooting, an ambulance is usually in attendance. If they embark upon games, they are invariably a laughing-stock. After all, it is not easy for them to avoid appearing absurd. With their straight-brimmed hats, cascading neckties, Noah's Ark coats, and nine-pin legs, they can scarcely hope to be mistaken for human beings. Nor is manliness to be expected from people who eat no breakfast, take no baths, and habitually sip syrups.

Education.

Their bringing-up is largely to blame. They are taught to be spies and sneaks at school, and they remain such all their lives. Their universities are filled with greasy, long-haired scarecrows, who wallow in filth, and pass their time in the most depressing forms of dissipation. The character of their education is illustrated by the fact that, at a recent examination of conscripts, no less than twenty per cent. had never heard of Joan of Arc, though doubtless they all knew a great deal about Marat and Lepelletier de St. Fargeau and Carrier in Nantes.

Insularity.

They are probably the most insular people in the world. They know and care nothing about what goes on outside their frontiers. They detest travel. They learn no languages besides their own debased jargon. They are perfectly satisfied with their own lamentable condition, and impudently regard all other folks as barbarians. As colonists they have always been a conspicuous failure, chiefly because they persistently refuse to colonise; furthermore, because they are incapable of understanding natives. Wherever they intrude, they become a stumbling-block to the march of progress. In Tunis they are known as the modern Barbary pirates, far more rapacious than the old. They coerce the natives, harass travellers, and impede research. At Carthage they play the dog in the manger, preventing others from undertaking excavations which they are incapable of conducting thoroughly themselves.

Treachery.

They may be summed up as the very antithesis of sportsmen. Directly the least thing goes wrong, they leave a politician or a general in the lurch, loudly braying that they are betrayed. If a favourite loses a race, they are capable of wrecking the grand stand. A band of ploughed students once tried to storm the Elysée because they had found their examination too difficult. No treaties bind them. No trust can be placed on their word in public or in private life, for they have no moral backbone, no steadiness, neither faith nor good faith. Their only hope of rehabilitation lies in the speedy advent of some great calamity.

THE ASSURANCE OF INSURANCE.

BY ALFRED B. EMANUEL.

Considerable interest has been recently aroused by the exposures of the methods of some of the American Life Insurance Companies, and also by adverse judgments against one rather important concern, the Mutual Reserve. A still greater scandal, however, exists in our midst. As the English law stands to-day, any swindling scamp may found, without any capital beyond his wits, a Fire Insurance Company. The police authorities can take no heed, and the Government is too supine to trouble over it. The hardships and privations which are endured by those who are so unfortunate as to have their homes devastated by fire when insured in these bogus concerns cannot be dreamt of by those who are insured in the offices of legitimate concerns. The sound offices advertise but very little, employ agents only, who, for the most part, employ no canvassers, and therefore leave an almost illimitable field open for swindling concerns. Thus the lower middle and working classes when uninsured, and called upon by the agents or canvassers of these swindling companies, fall an easy prey to them, and it is only when one of the poor unfortunate insurers has the misfortune to have a fire that the mistake is discovered, and nothing but ruin ensues unless charitably disposed persons subscribe to the relief of the sufferers.

I know of several instances of the great sufferings of those who have had the misfortune to be thus insured. In one case a respectable, sober, and industrious printer, running a small business in the neighbourhood of Kensington, had a fire last year on his premises and lost his little all, home, paper, and type being all destroyed. A kind-hearted lady living in the district interested herself and wrote a number of letters to the charitably disposed ladies and gentlemen of her acquaintance, but the result unfortunately realised less than £20. The young family have, therefore, to struggle on with cares and anxieties almost beyond endurance to reinstate themselves in their former position, which will take them some years to accomplish, even if they ever succeed. The name of the abominable concern in which they were insured was the Times Insurance Company, Limited, and the order was made for it to be wound up on March 23rd of last year.

That is not the only one of its kind, for I can point to more than one concern of an equally doubtful character doing the same cruel and heartless kind of business. A few months ago the Official Receiver of the London Bankruptcy Court had in hand the winding up of another of these swindling companies.

I insist upon the importance and necessity of the Board of Trade taking steps to make all Fire Insurance Companies provide a substantial deposit, so that the interests of their insurers may be safeguarded.

THE POT AND KETTLE OF THE WHISKY WAR.

Says the Pot Still to the Patent,
"*My* qualities you lack!"
Says the Patent to the Pot Still,
"Those qualities are black!"

Says the Pot Still to the Patent,
"American tinned meat,
Than drink your *silent* poison,
More safe it were to eat!"

Says the Patent to the Pot Still,
"E'en Bedlam might recoil
From turning ten times madder
On your fiery *fusil oil!*"

Each brings a host of chemists,
The other to revile;
And at the screaming experts
Watch Wilfrid Lawson smile!

While the British Public, puzzled,
With exaggerations full,
Only swears that *aqua pura*
Won't satisfy John Bull.

The Slightest Touch . .

Labour saved is money gained. And more than this, it means that you have more leisure time. Every housewife desires this, and in one department the majority have very wisely selected Globe Polish for cleaning metal work. Everyone knows Globe Polish. There may be a few prejudiced individuals who have not yet tested Globe Polish, but in spite of these it is a well-known fact that for efficiency and economy Globe Polish is unequalled. Indeed, it may be truly said that the slightest touch of Globe Polish on metal work is sufficient to create a brilliant shine—and this can only be truly said of Globe Polish. There is another strong point in its favour, that is: that metal work polished with Globe Polish retains its brilliancy and is unaffected by climatic changes. Now, we should like you to test the accuracy of these statements. If you experience any difficulty in obtaining Globe Polish, please write to us.

RAIMES & CO., LTD., Tredegar Works,
Bow, London, E., and STOCKTON-ON-TEES.

AMONG THE BOOKS.

By Frank Harris.

Falstaff boasted that he was not only witty himself but the cause of wit in other men, and so the United States can begin to boast that they not only furnish us with the best novels written to-day in English, but that many of the better novels, even of English writers, are about America and the Americans. I have an example of each of these classes in my list for this week; one is "The House of Mirth," by Miss Edith Wharton (Macmillan and Co.), which is about America, and seems to be written by an American, and the other, "Lady Betty Across the Water," by C. N. and A. M. Williamson (Methuen).

"The House of Mirth."

After reading "The House of Mirth" I sent to *The Times* Book Club for all the other stories by Miss Edith Wharton, and found that none of them was worth reading; but "The House of Mirth" made a distinct impression of reality on me, of something that had been lived. It is the story of a beautiful girl who is poor and a hanger-on of rich Americans. She stays with them in their country houses and in their town houses and tries to capture a husband. A Jew, who wants to get into society is the only serious suitor, and she cannot force herself to accept him. The man she could accept does not make up his mind in time, so she takes an overdose of morphia a little too soon, and the right man comes to find her dead. There is no bitterness about the story, though in the telling the end seems bitter. One feels that the disappointment of life is rendered very perfectly; but the picture is too slight and too thin—slight and thin like the water-colours our mothers used to love, the water-colours that have not stood the strong sunshine, but have faded in the light and grown dim.

"Lady Betty Across the Water."

I scarcely know how to classify "Lady Betty Across the Water." It is very well written in crisp, quick, vivid English; it is very interesting, too, as a love story, and it contains the most extraordinarily faithful picture of the rich class in America and of its way of living that I have met with anywhere.

"Lady Betty" is a daughter of the English Duchess of Stanforth; she is simply forced by her mother to accept the invitation of a rich New Yorker, Mrs. Stuyvesant-Knox, to visit her in America, in order to leave the field free for her plainer sister to marry in England. Lady Betty is very tall and very slight with curly hair six inches thick which comes down to her knees, in fact, a beauty of the aristocratic sampler type; she is very good, too, and kind, and simple—the usual girl heroine.

Lady Betty and her mother, who is compared to a "tall white arum lily with the air of having grown in a king's garden" (though why, in the name of common sense, the arum lily in a king's garden should have a different air from one grown anywhere else, I cannot imagine), are very uninteresting, and I feared that the rest of the book would bore me to extinction; but Mrs. Williamson is evidently not in love with Americans, and particularly with American women, as she is in love with English duchesses and their daughters, and when she has to paint the New York smart woman she bites in the portrait with the vitriol of dislike, and the personage immediately lives for us. Here, for instance, is a description of Mrs. Stuyvesant-Knox:

"I never supposed till I met Mrs. Stuyvesant-Knox that a live woman could have a figure exactly like the fashion-plates, swelling like a tidal wave above an hour-glass of a waist and retreating far, far into the dim perspective below it, then suddenly bulging out behind like a round magnificent knoll after a deep curve inwards under the shoulders; but Mrs. Stuyvesant-Knox's figure does all these things even when she stands still, and a great many more when she walks."

But Mrs. Williamson's pictures of New York men are even better than her pictures of New York women, because they are not quite so spiteful, and, as I have said, the reproduction of the life they live in its incredible luxury and showing-off and snobbery, in its perpetual rush for new pleasures, amusements and entertainments, is both faithful and interesting. Mrs. Williamson's sharp eyes see everything which is to be seen at one glance, and there is a chapter on farm-life in America which shows that she can also see the stronger and saner and more enduring features of the people she tries to paint. Altogether, "Lady Betty Across the Water" is an astonishing *tour de force*.

AMONG THE THEATRES.

"CAPTAIN BRASSBOUND'S CONVERSION."

(By George Bernard Shaw.)

There are people, I believe, who can judge plays by reading them, and judge righteous judgment; but I am not of this happy minority. I have read plays and been impressed by dramatic effects in my reading, and when I saw these same plays on the stage the dramatic effects were lost; the thrill did not come across the footlights. The drama to the mind and imagination is not always drama to the spectator; and I am not wise enough or experienced enough always to distinguish between them with certainty.

The obverse, too, of this is true. I have read plays which have seemed to me very poor, and yet when the actors' personalities have given life to the outline they have become good acting plays. Mr. Pinero's earlier comedies I have read again and again without finding the secret of their success, and yet when acted they are very successful, thanks mainly to the actors.

But never before last Friday night have I found a play which read badly, which acted badly, too, and which still was a success. George Bernard Shaw's "Captain Brassbound's Conversion" is the worst work of his which it has been my fortune to come across.

There was hardly any action in the play. You may say that action is not necessary to a play; there have certainly been great plays with very little action; still, the majority of good plays have a firm skeleton of action in them, and here there was next to no action. The plays which have no action in them and are still good plays are usually distinguished either by fine character-drawing or by exquisite dialogue. But here there was no attempt at character-drawing, and the dialogue—well, the audience laughed, a picked audience, too, though the house was not crowded. Let me give a specimen or two: "He is not a a hooligan," said one character, "he is an Englishman." The house roared with laughter at this gem of wit.

The best thing in the play was nearly as obvious. The judge remarked that someone "was quite reasonable;" his sister-in-law replied, "How he must have changed," which again brought down the house in shouts of laughter.

The play was a triumph for Miss Ellen Terry; never was a woman on any stage more gracious, more generous-wise, more womanly. Whether playing peacemaker or nurse, or sempstress or advocate, she was inimitably charming, and carried the house with her. But if Miss Terry was at her best, surely that proves that Mr. Bernard Shaw has created at least one fine character in the play and that is something, or rather everything. But the success was Miss Terry's and not Mr. Shaw's. True, he makes her play many parts; but the words and actions are without distinction; it is Miss Terry who lends the magic and just at the end when Mr. Shaw has the opportunity of giving the key to the mystery by telling us why such a sweetheart is still unmarried, he drops the subject and leaves us gaping. The faults of the play weighed heavily upon the other actors; I have never seen Mr. Fred Kerr to so little advantage as playing Captain Brassbound. The part, of course, is impossible; it has no cohesion in it, no credibility, and Mr. Kerr's vigorous interpretation only served to bring out its incoherencies. Now he acted like a stage villain, and now like a sea captain; at one moment he made resolute love; when on the point of being accepted he cried "Farewell," and fled incontinently, to the stupor of the audience. The other parts were well played, but, after all, the play is for something in success, and this play is futile-foolish. From all of which I conclude that George Bernard Shaw has at length passed into a fashion and become a fetish.

Many pictures by popular artists disgrace the walls of the National Gallery, but still, they were all paid for with huge sums, and there they hang, and there they will hang till someone who loves art comes to power, when they will be relegated to the cellars or the attics, or wherever they are not visible. And so Bernard Shaw's plays, even when they are bad, are now played with immense success, and yet Mr. Shaw is a man of genius and has done fine work.

F. H.

RACING NOTES AND IDEAS.

By W. LOTINGA.
("Larry Lynx" of "The People.")

Royal Ascot.

Ascot is the most gorgeous, the most anticipated, and the most extraordinary sporting-cum-society gathering in the world. Take it on either side, it is unique and unapproached, although, mayhap, more to anticipate than to realise. The vast majority who have this week followed the traditional expression of "treading the Royal Berkshire Heath" have done so for one solitary purposeless reason—that it was Ascot. The fact that racing was in progress was of no consequence—in fact, considered a nuisance by the few, and practically unknown to many who go to see and be seen, because it is "the" thing. Sitting on the lawn behind the stands, listening to the band, they might as well be on Hampstead Heath. Certainly nowhere else could they "rub shoulders" with such a heterogeneous mob, the élite on one side and the "hoi polloi" on the other. It is "de rigueur" to "do" Ascot; it is heresy if you are not able to say that you have been there—if only for one afternoon, such as Cup day. Those who have never seen Ascot cannot imagine what its pageant, pomp, splendour, and crowds are. It marks the height of the London season, while the acme of everyone's ambition in, or on the fringe of, society is to obtain an invitation to the Royal Enclosure, for which applications to the Lord Chamberlain must be made a month in advance, and which are more numerous than three royal enclosures could accommodate, although, of course, every applicant must have some prescribed right to ask for such privilege. In this small sacred enclosure are, and have been, more crowned heads, titled dignitaries, and nobles than could be gathered together for any other society function.

"The" Lawn.

In contrast, there is almost unrestricted admission to what—as a misnomer—is termed the reserved lawn, a similar enclosure three times the length of the other, from which it is divided by Tattersall's, and thus extends to where the round course bends into the straight. Into this practically anybody can go, and, as could be gleaned by those present this week, everybody certainly does seem to go. Ascot is only held once a year, although there has frequently been a suggestion of having a second meeting, in the autumn. A few seasons back the charge for admission—those who pay the piper this week will be staggered to learn—was only £1 for the week; so determined are people to go to Ascot that the vastly increased price all round is no deterrent, and it would be the same if all rates were still further doubled, of which fact the executive are obviously aware. Nowadays the charge is £1 for the lawn on "Cup" day—and 10s. all other days, with similarly increased rates for paddock and Tattersall's. On the racing side there is certainly no meeting where so much money is added, where entries are so huge, and where such equine "class" is saddled, the eye of every owner in England or France being on the Ascot "plums." There are, of course, no selling plates, and hardly an event throughout the week that has not its own distinctive interest. The trouble here usually is the hard ground, to combat which many efforts have been made, but it is perhaps better for the social and financial glamour of Ascot that sunshine should prevail for the benefit of the onlookers, even to the detriment of the competitors in consequence of adamantine going.

The Runners.

Two-year-old cracks are invariably saved for Ascot, and the Coventry or even the New Stakes Derby winners galore have won or made their début in. Among the three-year-olds the blue riband victor, the Oaks heroine, and all the classic candidates of the season invariably carry silk, while among the seniors, both sprint and distance performers, every top-sawyer is invariably saddled here. This week, for instance, one could not name offhand a better troop—whose intrinsic worth is almost incalculable—than Slieve Gallion, Traquair, Polar Star, and Auber among the two-year-olds; Keystone II., Sancy, Picton, Bill of the Play among the threes; or Pretty Polly, Cicero, Bachelor's Button, Hammerkop, Rising Falcon, or Thrush among the seniors. On the other side of the story the most "mixed" types of horses appear; many of them (entered as yearlings) still figuring in their original nominations, although, since then, probably unsuccessful selling-platers, hurdle-racers, or absolutely unknown candidates. Further, most of the horses claim multiple engagements, to the great disadvantage of stay-away backers, while the earlier results of the week influence the later issues. There is no question but that nowhere else do such superb "class" and such rank bad and numerous "dark" horses compete for such rich stakes.

The Business.

As a betting period no week the year through equals Ascot. "Black" Ascots are proverbial—and extraordinarily so, the Friday in particular. The fact that bookmakers regard Ascot as a perfect Tom Tiddler's ground evidences how the results flow, and more particularly the vast volume of betting that takes place. Few have equal opportunities, so duly seize the opportunities of betting at utterly disproportionate prices—or what is technically termed "under the odds." On the other hand, the ring will complain—with truth—as to the multiplicity of bad debts created during Ascot week, for there is hardly anyone present on the course—even the most occasional race attendant—who does not bet, and usually in heavy sums, more especially if they are once-a-year-racegoers, and are lured on by

JOHN ROBERTSON & CO.,
Turf Accountants,
SAVOY MANSIONS, SAVOY HILL, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.
Business Transacted under Jockey Club Rules only.

NORTHUMBERLAND PLATE, &c. &c.
WRITE FOR TERMS.
JOHN ROBERTSON & CO.,
SAVOY MANSIONS, SAVOY HILL, W.C.
Telegraphic Address—"BESTRADDLE, LONDON." Telephones—9072 CENTRAL. 8164 GERRARD.

irresistibly promising and ensnaring "good things." "Paper certainties" at Ascot are numerous, and at no other meeting do so many outrageously long odds-on chances go down. This involves many of the gamblers —especially among the novices and younger sect— who become involved in heavy loss, which they either are unable to meet or never intend so to do. Many jocular tales are told, in perfect truth, of those who have obtained the very best of introductions to the ring at and expressly for Ascot, and have "taken them on." Isolated cases have been known where some of the "swell mob" have somehow become possessed of, or "found," a royal enclosure badge, which in itself is sufficient to enable them to introduce themselves upon a fictitious card to any of the bookmakers on the rails. In this manner last season several of the leading fielders were "let in" for thousands.

Owners Resent.

I am aware that race executives look somewhat with fear upon the recently-formed Racehorse Owners' Association, and argue that there cannot or ought not to be two governing bodies. The Jockey Club, however, if omnipotent, do not enter into detail on personal matters, and the owners by combination can literally compel almost anything they desire in racing. I hear that the Association is gaining strength daily, and when it practically includes "everybody" who owns horses they will certainly be able to dictate their own terms as to railway fares and charges at meetings. And so it should be.

A "Ruse" for Price.

The latest dodge so as to get the best price in various channels all over the country is to start a commission for a horse about four o'clock on a Saturday afternoon, just after the latest London betting has been circulated from the clubs by the Press, and which therefore stands as the current prices all Saturday, Sunday, and even Monday morning. This plan was worked on two or three occasions last year, notably when Airship gained the Great Yorkshire Handicap, and I understand it was the same in the case of Spearmint for the Derby.

Molesey Hurst.

Hurst Park—whose executive are truly Nulli Secundus in their go-ahead ideas and practical deeds—holds the record for attendance at enclosed meetings—of course, on a Bank holiday. The figures are 110,000, and the occasion the August fixture two years ago, the recent Whit-week crowd exceeding 85,000. It is impossible to estimate the throng at open meetings like Epsom, Doncaster, or Ascot, but for suburban park gatherings Hurst and Kempton vie with each other. Hurst has only existed— on the site of the old Molesey Races—some 16 years. The present venue was first devoted to pony racing, and at that time the £1 shares were purchaseable for 5s. The meeting at its outset was dogged by consistently wretched weather, such as unfortunately existed on Saturday last, but popular, cute Joe Davis has done as much for Hurst Park as Hurst Park has done for "Joe" Davis, and the result is that the 20s. shares are now yielding the maximum dividend, and worth quite double, whilst when the long-promised new station adjacent to the stands does come Hurst will boom. Irrespective of racing, the freehold property, with such a splendid river frontage, increases in value yearly.

Our Champion Sprinter.

Excepting Spearmint—a good horse—and Pretty Polly—a phenomenon rather than a racehorse—the handicap performer of recent days is Rising Falcon, but a 105 sovs. selling plate purchase, who will doubtless win the All-Aged Plate at Ascot. He is a tremendously powerful bay on very short legs, with the bone and square quarters of a chaser. How this "thick" deep-bodied little dray horse gets his terrific speed is inexplicable—he has improved stones, and the credit is due to Menzies, of Coxhoe, the "poor Durham farmer," as he calls himself. The horse's conspicuous point is his white face and muzzle—this has assuredly served him well in catching the judge's eye, for he has won quite a dozen races by a short head. The horse must know the winning post, but he is a rare worrier, and won't be beaten. His owner, Mr. "Ned" Clarke, is a Newcastle solicitor, who avers that one Rising Falcon is more remunerative than innumerable police-court retainers. Mr. Clarke's colours are white with one huge black star back and front; he always enters his horses as "Ned" Clarke's, to be distinguished from another north countryman of like name and initial. It was Mr. Clarke who brought the action four years ago against Sir Henry Randall over the mare, Miss Bryant, bought out of a Redcar selling race, and since named Monkey-face. He also plans, and usually brings off, coups at jumping, at which Rising Falcon made futile attempts, being a very bad third in a maiden hurdle at Sandown, and nowhere as favourite in a Hooton Park race, behind horses that he could give 4 st. and 50 yards ~~a~~ to at sprinting. It only evidences the great disparity in the two games, and yet Rising Falcon is literally "built" for a jumper!

Winners Bred not Bought.

The wiseacre will tell—or would have told—you that Derby winners, much less Grand Prix heroes, are not to be bought at an auction. For £6,000 and a huge contingency, Sanfoin was, in truth, acquired by the late Sir James Miller on the eve of his blue riband victory—but that was a stroke of luck that comes so rarely, and it was not an auction—especially a yearling rostrum purchase. Yet Spearmint, who beat the record time, and upset the theory that one stable cannot shelter two horses capable of winning the same Derby—only cost 300 guineas at the Doncaster sales. How many owners have fruitlessly tried the proverbial lifetime to win the Derby or one particular event! The brothers George and David Faber, for instance, are keen on winning the Grand National, and in two years have made four expensive purchases to that end, buying horses, moreover (after the weights were out), which held favourite chances. In turn these candidates, Glenrocky, Hercules II., Communist, and Ranunculus, either went wrong or failed utterly; whilst attempts were also made last March to buy Royal Bow II. Truly 'tis luck only that guides a purchase or governs a race.

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION OF TIME

Those who wish to obtain a copy of "The International Library" Free Book of 124 pages—as big as a 6d. magazine —should apply at once. Many thousands have already been distributed, and the final issue is now going out. As long as copies remain they will be forwarded gratis and post free to all who apply, but in a few days they will all be gone. The Free Book tells all about the "International Library" and the phenomenal price, and gives 40 specimen pages. The sale or this great Library closes on July 9, and there can at no future time be a re-issue, the destruction of the plates from which the Library has been printed being guaranteed. Further particulars appear on page 63.

THE SALES OF

ROCK SAND for £25,000

AND OF

GALTEE MORE and ARD PATRICK

for 20,000 guineas

were successfully negotiated by

THE INTERNATIONAL HORSE AGENCY AND EXCHANGE, Ltd.,

46s, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.

Chappell & Co.'s Latest Ballad Concert Successes.

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS NET EACH.

EDWARD GERMAN.
"WHEN MAIDENS GO A-MAYING."
"LOVE IS MEANT TO MAKE US GLAD."

FRANCO LEONI.
"COOLAN DHU."

MAUDE VALERIE WHITE
"IN GOLDEN JUNE."
"IN THE SUMMER GARDEN

GUY D'HARDELOT.
"I THINK."
"MY HEART WILL KNOW."
"I HID MY LOVE."

HERMANN LOHR.
"THE HUNT'S UP."
"A CHAIN OF ROSES."
"REMEMBER ME."
"IN THE HEATHER, MY LADS."

TERESA DEL RIEGO.
"TO PHYLLIDA."
"EGLANTINE" AND "AN OLIVE BRANCH."
"THE BELL."

FLORENCE AYLWARD.
"OUT OF REACH."
"I CLAIM YOU MINE.'
"THE SLEEPY SONG."

FRANK LAMBERT.
"THE BURIED ROSE."
"DEAR HANDS."
"DEEP IN MY HEART."

W. H. SQUIRE.
"LOVE IS WAITING."
"THREE FOR JACK."
"THE OLD BLACK MARE."

ERNEST NEWTON.
"THE MAGIC MONTH OF MAY."
"LOVE'S ECHO."

GEORGE H. CLUTSAM.
"SWEET, BE NOT PROUD."

NOEL JOHNSON.
"WILD ROSES."

WADDINGTON COOKE.
"VISITORS."
"DREAM SHIPS."

BERNARD ROLT.
"A DUET."
"THE LILY OF BOULTER'S LOCK."
"The Children of London" and "The Organ-Man."
"River Thames" and "Amethyst, Rose, and Pearl.'

ROBERT CONINGSBY CLARKE.
"BETTY'S WAY."
"TAKE YOUR LUTE AND SING."
"A Bowl of Roses."
"The Queen of Loveliness."
"A Dream from Rainbow Land." Each 1s. 6d. net.

TWELVE HANDSOME VOLUMES FOR THREE POUNDS.
The First Complete Uniform Edition of the World-Famous

Gilbert & Sullivan Operas

The 13 Operas, Words & Music, beautifully bound in Scarlet Cloth,

FOR £3 CASH.

Prospectus will be sent post free upon application to
CHAPPELL & CO., LTD., 50, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.
and may be had of all Music Sellers.

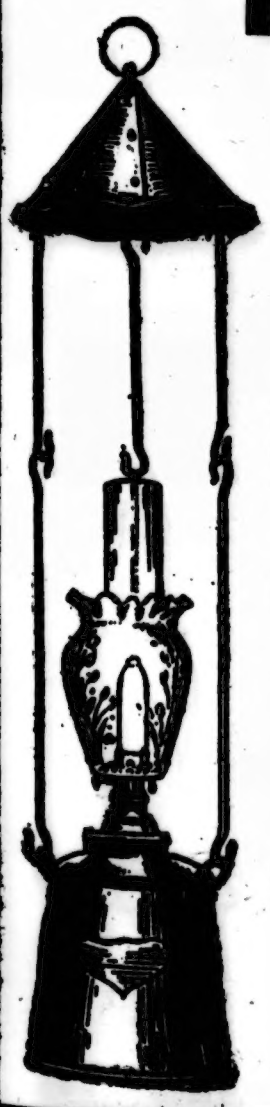
THE MOST POPULAR VALSES OF THE DAY.

CHRISTMAS VALSE . . . ALFRED HARRIS
FOLIE D'AMOUR VALSE . . PAUL FAUCHEY
VALSE CARESSANTE. . .
VALSE D'AUTOMNE . . . } FRANK LAMBERT.
VALSE SOURIRE D'AMOUR .
Three very Pretty New Valses by this Popular Composer.
FASCINATION VALSE . F. D. MARCHETTI.
QUAND L'AMOUR MEURT
(Love's Last Word) VALSE } OCTAVE CREMIEUX
The Latest Parisian Successes.
LA MATTCHICHE ("Maxixe")
The Sensational Dance of Paris. Phenomenal Success Everywhere.
KISSING IS NO SIN (Song & Valse) . EDM. EYSLER
The Popular Viennese Success.
WHISPERS OF LOVE VALSE . HARRY FRAGSON.
A Very Effective and Melodious Valse on Harry Fragson's Popular Songs. Arranged by LEONARD WILLIAMS.
Price 2s. net each.

CHAPPELL & Co., Ltd., 50, New Bond St., London, W.

AND MAY BE HAD OF ALL MUSIC SELLERS.

THE PETROLITE LAMP



For Town and Country Lighting
Specially suitable for House Boats, Bungalows, and for Hunting and Shooting Boxes.

The Petrolite Lamp has solved the great problem of applying the principle of incandescent lighting to portable Lamps, combining high illuminating power with absolute safety, simplicity, economy, and efficiency.

NO LIQUID. NO SMELL OR FUMES
NO WICK. NO CLEANING.
IF OVERTURNED GOES OUT.

About one-quarter the cost of paraffin. Represents coal gas at 2s. per 1,000ft.
A 50 candle-power light for eight hours at a cost of one penny.

Write for full particulars and catalogue to

PETROLITE, LTD.,
106, YORK ROAD, LAMBETH, LONDON, S.E.
and 202, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.
(Opposite British Museum Tube Station.)

J. R. & Co., 21, F. R.

READ THIS WARNING.

A Series of assertions are constantly being made in the interest of Internal remedies consisting of Salts of Iron, and alleged to be capable of growing hair, that External remedies are useless. These statements are not true, and are easily disproved by any Physician, Chemists, or even a Student entering upon his medical career. External Treatment for Hair Trouble is, and will remain, the sheet anchor of modern medical practice, and statements made to the contrary can only succeed in misleading the ignorant and unscientific.

C-B's TRUE HAIR GROWER.

"Hair Grown on Heads which have been bald for years."—This is an extraordinary assertion. I have never made it upon my own responsibility, but I set it forward to your attention as being the main feature of hundreds of recommendatory letters which have reached me. I have culled a few such letters from my extensive files, and invite your perusal. **They are all genuine**, and open to fullest investigation, and were sent to me voluntarily. **I have omitted to print** the complete name and address in most instances for obvious reasons, but every letter can be shown and perused at my London office. **To every thinking person this unsolicited testimony must carry conviction.**

SOME REMARKABLE LETTERS.

FIRST BOX MADE HAIR GROW QUITE THICK.

Eastbourne.

Dear Sir,—Just a line in answer to your note to let you know why I've delayed in sending for the second box. I am pleased to be able to state that the first box has started the hair growing quite thick, so I thought it quite unnecessaay to have any more, but have decided on second thoughts to have the rest of the treatment as agreed. I shall be very pleased to recommend your hair grower to anyone on any further occasion.

With best wishes for your business,

Yours truly, J. S.

HAIR GROWN THICKER AND STRONGER.

9, Hill Street, Middlesboro.'

Sir,—Some months ago my hair began to fall out, nothing seemed to stop it until I used your preparation, thanks to it my hair has grown much thicker and longer. I enclose my photo. You may use this if you wish.

MISS M. BRIGGS.

BALD PATCH FOR 10 YEARS.

Redhill.

Sir,—I think it is only my duty to write and congratulate you on behalf of your hair grower. When I commenced to use it I had a bald patch on my head as large as a five shilling piece for ten years, and before I had finished one box the bald patch was completely covered with strong growing hair. I can confidently recommend it to anyone suffering from loss of hair.

Yours faithfully, J. H.

HAIR RAPIDLY COMING OFF IN PATCHES.

Fulham.

Dear Sir, - Your letter to hand of last week. Please accept my apology for not writing before. I have much pleasure in stating that your preparation for the hair has proved very successful in my case. My hair was coming off in patches, and after applying your ointment it soon began to grow again, so that now nothing can be seen of the bald places; therefore, I shall have much pleasure in recommending it to my friends. If you care to use this as a testimonial you are quite at liberty to do so.—Yours truly, F. C.

WAS QUITE BALD—NOW HAS A FINE HEAD OF HAIR.

Burton on Trent, 24th Nov.

Sir,—I feel it is my duty to write and tell you of the benefit my daughter has received from the use of your hair growing preparation. Some two or three years ago it began to fall off rapidly, and in less than a month she was quite bald. I used five or six boxes of your preparation, and I am pleased to say that now she has as fine a head of hair as it is possible to have being nearly 2 ft. long, and very thick and curly. I have given a great deal of people your address, being constantly asked for it, and am recommending it whenever I can. You can make use of this letter if you wish to. Wishing you all success.

Yours gratefully, JOSEPH JEVONS.

QUITE BALD AT 17 YEARS.

8th May.

Dear Sir,—I feel it my duty to send you a testimonial for your splendid hair preparation. When I was 17 years of age my hair began to fall out in patches until I was quite bald. I used all kinds of so-called hair restorers, with no result. Then I was recommended to you, and I tried your compound. I have now a good growth of hair. I enclose photo of myself when my hair is five inches long. I have recommended you to several of my friends, and will continue to do so.

Yours respectfully. F. C.

GREAT DISTRIBUTION OF LARGE TRIAL BOXES.

My offer is a straightforward, honest proposition from a business man to sensible men and w men. The merit of my True Hair Grower is i 1 the preparation itself, and, so that you can make a fair test, if you will write to me I will send you a **LARGE TRIAL BOX** of the John Craven-Burleigh True Hair Grower for Six Stamps only. You will then soon be able to prove whether my statement that it does actually grow hair is true or not. I was bald; it cured me, and it has cured thousands of others. Package will be sent securely sealed in plain wrapper.

Expert Advice to Callers Free.

6d.

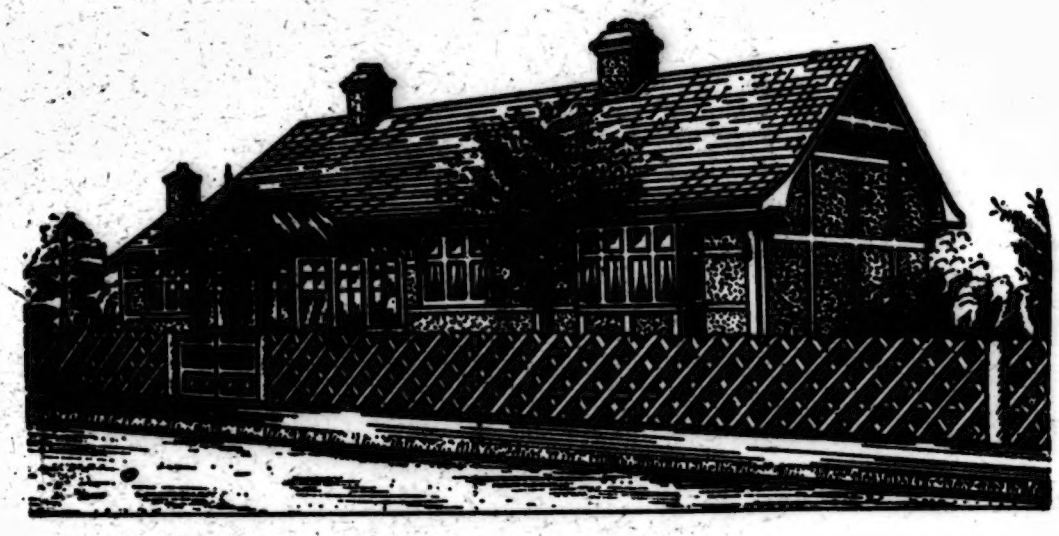
ADDRESS—

JOHN CRAVEN-BURLEIGH, 189c, Craven House, OPPOSITE BRITISH MUSEUM. **London.**

LARGE TRIAL BOX.

Extract from the King's Speech on "Rural Depopulation."

"The Social and Economic Conditions of the rural districts in Great Britain require careful consideration. Inquiries are proceeding as to the means by which a large number of the population may be attracted to and retained on the soil."



HOMESTEADS, Ltd.,

IS CULTIVATING

Large Freehold Estates

AND WILL SELL YOU

An ACRE of GOOD LAND from £15,

Giving possession on payment of 10 p.c., balance payable by instalments.

AND WILL ERECT YOU

A BUNGALOW from £105.

Repayments spread over 21 years. No Law Costs.

Send for Illustrated Booklet or, call,

HOMESTEADS, LTD. (Dept. R), 27, Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C.

MAY WE SEND YOU THIS FREE SAMPLE?

(POSTAGE 2 STAMPS)

IT IS—

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

A COMBINATION OF

— PURE —

PASTEURISED MILK, WHEAT AND BARLEY MALT.

A Complete Food for Infants and Invalids.

INVALUABLE TO NURSING MOTHERS.

NOURISHING, SUSTAINING, INVIGORATING.

THE LIGHTEST AND MOST EASILY DIGESTED COMPLETE DIET FOR ALL AGES.

Read what the Medical and Nursing Professions say in the descriptive booklet, which will be sent post free on application to

HORLICK'S FOOD Co. 34 Farringdon Rd., London, E.C.

OF ALL CHEMISTS, GROCERS, & STORES. Prices 1/6 & 2/6 per bottle.

S. H. & Co., 61, F. R.

A NUTRITIVE TONIC FOR BRAIN-WORKERS, DYSPEPTICS, AND THE AGED.

Printed for the Proprietors by ODHAMS LIMITED, 19-24, Floral Street, Covent Garden, and 5, Burleigh Street, Strand, W.C., and Published by J. E. YOUNG, 186, Fleet Street, London, E.C.